AS . . . BOOKS . . . MUSIC . . . TRAVEL . . . MOVIES . . .

Saturday Review

ECEMBER 19, 1953 / 20¢

Edith Sitwell
her two brothers:
Osbert on the left,
d Sacheverell on the right.
(See page 11)

SHORT STORIES FOR THE MILLIONS

By Falcon O. Baker

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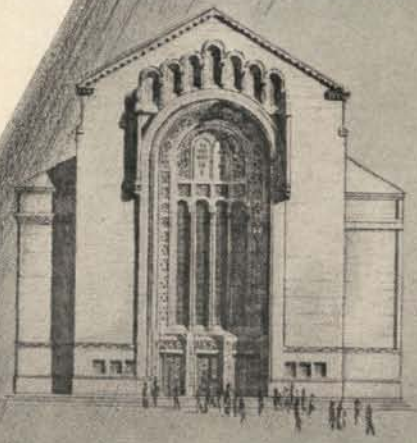
Light their life with *Faith*

Bring them to worship this week



When they're little is the best time to give the children the biggest gift of all . . .

Faith. Bulwark of the soul in troubled times. Source of inner peace every day. With it, your children will be ready to meet the obstacles . . . to relish the happy times fully.

And there's no better way to help them find Faith, than by making attendance at church or synagogue a family affair. Go together this week . . . and every week!

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SR's Library Poll

LAST week's surprise was the appearance in the poll of Herbert Philbrick's two-year-old book "I Led Three Lives," apparently recirculating as a result of public interest in the Harry Dexter White case. Now that the White furor has at least temporarily died down the Philbrick book has dropped out of the list. André Maurois' "Lélia" is still up on top, one more compliment for the durable French biographer.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
3. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)**
4. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
5. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
6. **A House Is Not a Home**
   by Polly Adler (G)
7. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)
8. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
9. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
10. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
11. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
    by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
12. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
13. **Period Piece**
    by Gwen Raverat (G)
14. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
15. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
16. **Beyond This Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
17. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
18. **The Female**
    by Paul Wellman (F)
19. **Call Me Lucky**
    by Bing Crosby (G)
20. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)

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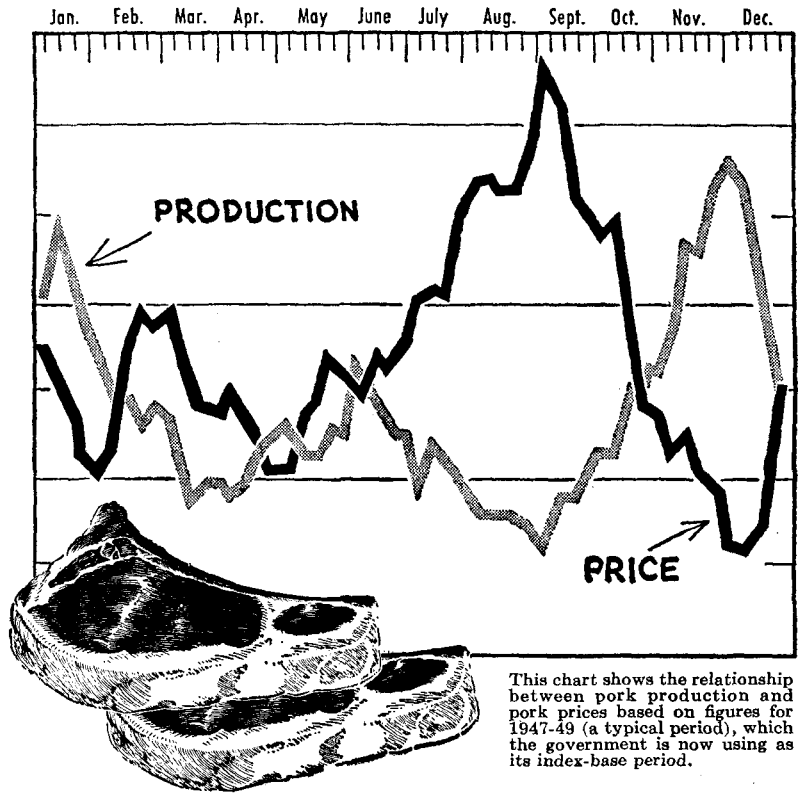
Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Dallas (Tex.), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D. C.).

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

What law makes pork cost less in December than it does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

THE well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good 6 months growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *More pork*—lower prices during the winter followed by *less pork—higher prices* through the summer months.

Summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

The medical school of a leading university reports a recent study in which a number of overweight people lost up to 100 pounds on diets featuring *double portions of lean meat*. Meat means so much to so many—in so many different ways—that it's good to know meat packers can help put it on your table at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.

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Just drifting?

Sometimes, investors do.

Oh, they get off to a beautiful start all right. They decide on their objective, study all the facts, plot the most sensible course they can.

But then something happens.

Time passes. Proper decisions take work and they wind up just drifting along—hoping for the best.

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There's no charge for this service whether you're a customer or not—ever do business with us or don't.

Just tell us about your over-all situation, outline your objectives and holdings, then address your letter to my personal attention.

WALTER A. SCHOLL
Department JB-66

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 19, 1953

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Credit: Edith and Osbert Sitwell, *Life* Magazine; Sacheverell Sitwell, Fred Plaut

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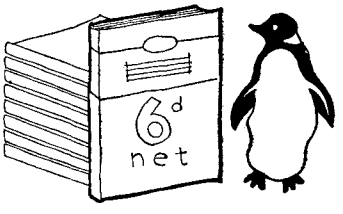
TRADE Winds

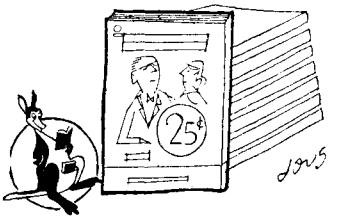
IN THE YEAR DRAWING to a close some two hundred and sixty million paper-backed books, ranging in price from a quarter to seventy-five cents a copy, will have been bought by the American people. Most of them are reprints; some are originals. For better or for worse, this flood of printed matter has effected vital changes in the book-publishing industry in this country, with others obviously in prospect.

By common consent, the publishers of Pocket Books were the trailblazers in the successful hawking of paper-backed novels in America, but there are all sorts of conflicting stories in circulation as to the origin of the Pocket Books set-up itself. "Who," I reasoned, "could better tell the complete story than Richard Simon of Simon and Schuster?" It was Dick's firm, along with Bob de Graff, that opened Pandora's box just fifteen years ago. Here, then, is Dick's own version of the story:

> In 1931 when I met Allan Lane in London he told me he was no longer as actively engaged with his old publishing house, the Bodley Head; that he had started publishing a series of books called Penguin retailing at sixpence. (This was during the days when many of the stately homes in England were fully occupied and the pound was still almost $5.00.) Allan Lane and I walked around London and I found his Penguins thriving mightily, not only in the bookstores, but especially in the Woolworth 3d and 6d stores.
>
> Upon returning to New York I found the Depression still rampant and I thought that—Depression or no Depression—people would buy good books if they could be published at anywhere from ten cents to twenty-five cents. We were then at 27th Street and Fourth Avenue, so one day I went over to see Frederick A. Stokes, whose office was at 29th Street and



Fourth. My recollection is that he agreed that it would be interesting to try out a venture of this kind. When I asked him whether he would consent to including "Beau Geste" among the first ten books he replied he certainly would. Then one evening I had dinner with Dan Longwell, then with Doubleday, now a big shot at *Life*, during which I outlined what Allan Lane had done

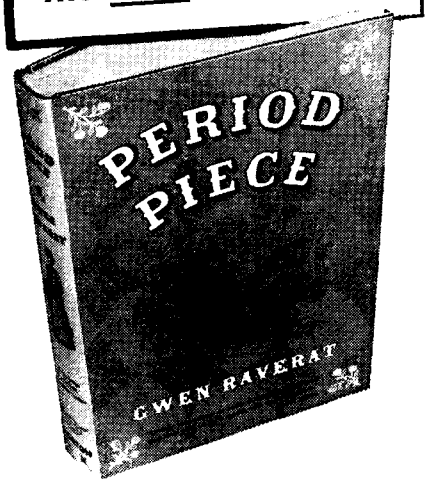


in England. I asked him whether he thought Doubleday would agree to permit the publication of "Show Boat" in such an edition. He thought yes. I never did see Nelson Doubleday. (I probably feared that the idea was so good that Nelson might get to it first.)

Thinking of paperbound books in America, it became clear to my partners, Max Schuster and Leon Shimkin, and to me that we were too involved in trying to keep our trade business above water to spend much time in launching this different kind of publishing program. We agreed that some one able person would have to devote his full time to this enterprise. I felt that Bob de Graff, who had just left Doubleday, might be just the right man to obtain reprint rights for a starting list of ten first-rate books. At the luncheon I suggested that "Bambi" be published as one of the ten, and Bob, as I remember it, thought "The Good Earth" should also be included. It was either at this lunch or shortly thereafter that Bob told me he had come to the conclusion that paperbound books were doomed to failure in the United States. It seemed that at one time Doubleday had gone into a paperbound program, via American News Company distribution, and that it had flopped dismally. Bob laughed when he recalled the yellow, red, and black designs on the jacket; he reported that after the whole thing had laid an egg it was known affectionately as the Omelet Library. It was shortly thereafter that Bob joined forces with Blue Ribbon Books on a hard-bound reprint venture a la the dollar Star Books, which he had headed for Doubleday.

Thereupon I had an interview with Alex Grosset and found him immensely interested when I suggested that we join forces in this business. His partners were more conservative. We were still in the

Saturday Review readers find it "the most enjoyable."



A continuing survey is maintained to discover which current books are actually being most enjoyed by *Saturday Review* readers. As this issue goes to press, the recent poll finds PERIOD PIECE leading all other titles.

Says *The Saturday Review Syndicate* in reporting these results:

"It is seldom that one can use the adjectives 'charming,' 'ingratiating,' or 'delightful' with as much justice and accuracy . . . A highly personal book, observing with a perceptive and witty eye the quirks and foibles of a colorful family and of the Victorian scene . . . a vanished era of delightful and cheerful yesterdays . . . An enchanting choice for quiet, leisurely reading. No small charm is added to the book by the author's illustrations."

Says JAMES HILTON:

"A book to reread and to give away with one's blessing."

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PERIOD PIECE

by GWEN RAVERAT

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KING
VIDOR
A Tree Is a Tree
"One of the very few first-rate books about motion pictures, and the best yet written by a Hollywood movie-maker ... consistently entertaining... 16 pages of photographs."
—*The Christian Science Monitor.* $3.95

E. M.
FORSTER
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"A superb memoir of fantastic experiences in the princely India of far-away and long ago... should be his most popular book since *A Passage to India.*"
—*N. Y. Times. Illustrated.* $4.00

MARGARET
IRWIN
Elizabeth and the Prince of Spain
"The historical novel at its best... a strange, unbelievable mosaic, a mosaic that is spontaneously vital and alive."
—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, *Chicago Tribune.* $3.50

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—*The Christian Science Monitor.* $3.50

CARUSO
The Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold
T. R. YBARRA
"Affection warms its every page... The people who have heard Caruso either in the flesh or on records ... should find these pages an evocative recollection of a singer and his era."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review Illustrated.* $4.50

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HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY · N. Y. 17

Depression, and the final decision from Grosset & Dunlap as a firm was no.

This seemed tough. It was obvious to all of us that some one man or organization was needed to obtain rights for reprints. With both De Graff and Grosset & Dunlap out of the running it seemed wise to abandon the idea until we could find someone else to perform that important job.

In 1937 or 1938 I heard Bob had left Blue Ribbon Books. I again got in touch with him and asked him whether he might want to try the paper-book venture. He said that he now felt differently about it and that it might prove

successful. Max Schuster, Leon Shimkin, and I had a number of conferences with Bob. We agreed to start a company with 50 per cent of the voting stock owned by Bob and the other 50 per cent owned by S. & S. Bob agreed to the 50-50 voting power, but felt he could do a better job if he himself owned 51 per cent of the stock and S. & S. 49 per cent. To this we agreed. Each of the two parties involved put $15,000 into the venture.

Originally I considered the name Twentieth Century Library (the slogan was to be "Twentieth Century Library—twenty cents a copy") for the series, but this went back to 1931 when production costs were low and I found that the books could be made to retail for twenty cents. By 1938 costs had risen to the point where we felt that twenty-five cents was a more realistic retail price. In casting about for a new name Bob called up one day and suggested the name Pocket Books. We agreed this was a good title.

In the latter part of 1938 we abandoned our little dining room at 386 Fourth Avenue and made alterations to make it an office for Bob de Graff. Bob, Max, and I had a number of conferences during which we listed the titles we would try to have on our first publication schedule. Bob proceeded vigorously, not only on getting the titles, but also on getting costs from suppliers on paper, printing, binding, and art work.

When the time came to go to press we decided to move slowly. We would print 10,000 copies of each title on an experimental basis. (As I recall, the cost including plates amounted to considerably more than the retail price of each title.) We distributed them only in the New York area and ran a full page ad on the back page of *The New York Times* on publication date in the spring of 1939. The results were instantaneous; the stores were sold out quickly, and a great many stores and outlets from whom we had never heard wrote and telephoned asking to be allowed to sell Pocket Books.

The business grew both quickly and solidly. Wallis (Pete) Howe became our sales manager and helped mightily in sales and distribution. Within a year it occurred to Pete that Pocket Books might do very well being distributed at newsstands, stationery stores, and other outlets served by independent wholesalers. He arranged for such a distribution in Toledo. The wholesaler there did so well that word got around to other independent wholesalers in other communities, with the result that, instead of our having to go out to sell them, they came to us and asked for the franchise. Within a year Pocket Books were being distributed by more than 500 independent wholesalers throughout the country.

Pocket Books became so successful that competition sprang up. First it was Avon and Dell, who distributed their product through the American News Company and its branches. For some time thereafter, when paper restrictions made it impossible for publishers without a paper quota to start business, there was little competition. Once the war ended Bantam Books and the English Penguins (later New American Library) became sturdy competitors.

Well, that's Dick Simon's story. If any other counties care to be heard from this column is open to them.

Since paperback books—along with book clubs and exciting new juvenile series for expanding markets—are the major revolutionary development in modern-day publishing, it's important, I think, to set the record straight.

Of course, long before the Penguins swept England, Tauschnitz and Albatross Editions were firmly established on the Continent. Some day TRADE WINDS hopes to delve into the history of those two formidable enterprises—both of which are again in active operation. —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

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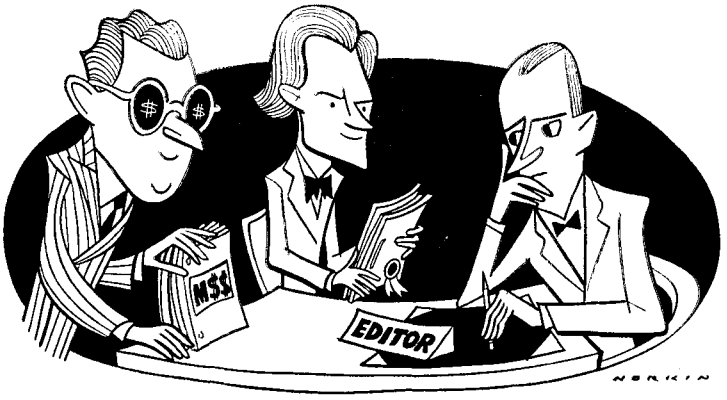

Short Stories for the Millions

By FALCON O. BAKER

The American short story has for many years led a double life. In the popular mass-circulation magazines it has mainly been slick and patterned. In the literary quarterlies it has mainly been esoteric and diffuse. The twain have rarely met. Falcon O. Baker lays the blame at the door of the New Critics in the article below. On page 9 the editor of This Week, *William I. Nichols, looks at the short story from the publisher's standpoint and draws some hopeful conclusions. A lay reader, New York's Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, offers his views of the short-story form on page 10.*

SOME time ago Katherine Anne Porter hurled a two-pronged javelin at the popular magazine in an essay called "No Plot, My Dear, No Story." On one prong she dangled the "mercenary author" who dares to write a story with sufficient appeal to entice an editor into paying a goodly sum. On the other she speared the popular magazine editor who, in the exigency of producing a palatable bill of fare for the reader, seeks to corrupt the literary talent of our day.

She said: "Except in emergencies, when you are trying to manufacture a quick trick and make some easy money, you don't really need a plot." Those who pursue such an attempt must be willing "to lose all, including honor"—their eyesight, self-respect, and whatever potentialities they may have. In another essay Miss Porter tells more about her own writing process: ". . . neither praise nor blame affects my actual work, for I am under a compulsion to write as I do." The artist seeks no audience, but only to tell what he has to tell.

Reading this essay, I automatically envisioned some accomplished slick writer, Faith Baldwin perhaps, replying with a parallel essay entitled "No Theme, My Dear, No Story." The essay would satirize those authors so busy picking the dots and commas from their "fragmented visions" that they forgot to tell a story, failed to create interest and suspense. It would advise those wishing to penetrate the mysteries of mankind to resort to philosophy or psychology or sociology, and write papers thereon.

Such an attitude would be as narrow in its vision as the first. Yet neither would be wholly in error. Frequently truth incorporates two extremes, for it turns out that they are not diametrically opposed, but rather two vital parts of the whole. Only the blind can declare that the wrinkled hide or the curling trunk is the true elephant.

I mention this here not because of anything overpoweringly novel in Miss Porter's declaration of "art for sweet art's sake," but merely because she manages to say it a little more vividly than most. During the Depression days of the Thirties we heard the theme emanating from the poetic garret. In the face of hunger such a philosophy of writing helped hold the soul intact. But the war and postwar prosperity made the garret unfashionable. Proponents of this philosophy sought a new home, and found it within ivy walls. The literary quarterlies, published mostly in the universities, furnished the sounding board. An amazing number of the contemporary short-story writers, generally acclaimed as the most promising of the serious authors, have been associated with college English departments. Among them we have such authors as Wallace Stegner, Robert Penn Warren, Peter Taylor, J. F. Powers, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Jessamyn West, Saul Bellow, Caroline Gordon, Warren Beck, and Mark Schorer.

In the Forties there grew up in the universities a group called the "New Critics." At first concerned with poetry, they then moved to fiction and in the field of the short story soon dominated modern criticism. Beginning ten years ago with the publication of "Understanding Fiction," by

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Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, there has been a continuing deluge of short-story analysis by the New Critics. Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate's "The House of Fiction," Mark Schorer's "The Story: A Critical Anthology," Ray B. West, Jr. and Robert W. Stallman's "The Art of Modern Fiction," and Robert B. Heilman's "Modern Short Stories: A Critical Anthology" are among the critical volumes attempting to mold the contemporary short story. It has been said, partly by the New Critics themselves, that this New Criticism has "saved" the American short story from decay. But it is too early to say whether this actually saved the American short story or directed it toward obliteration for lack of an interested audience.

While the garret writers of the Depression era and the university writers of the New Criticism era have in common Miss Porter's desire for truth at the expense of all else, their meaning of "truth" greatly differs. The first group had a driving awareness of social, economic, and political problems. In their exploration of these problems and their revolt against what they believed unjust they found an eager contemporary audience. But the New Critics have objected, among other things, to this creation of a short story with the avowed purpose of presenting truth to illustrate or propagandize a moral. Instead they have resurrected Henry James and set as the criteria of evaluation the internal consistency of the form.

THE scope and effect of the New Critics' standard for the short story provide the raw materials for endless discussion. It will suffice here to set forth their dictum that action is not allowed purely for the interest it creates but rather is permitted only when it is the inevitable outgrowth of the balance of character, theme, atmosphere, and structure. With such a noble standard for achieving truth there can be little criticism. Rather should we look at the end results, the short story that such a goal frequently produces.

The very concern with form and the elaborate details of making every word, every mood, every bit of action internally consistent has a tendency toward the dullness of geometry. Writing without either the consecrated inspiration of a theme or the romantic enthusiasm of action, the "new writers" attempt to explore every facet of a minute point in time and space and truth. The New Critics, wanting total truth in the fragment described, object to the overt selection of incidents and facts around a central purpose directed toward a single point of understanding. Graphically, those who write with what has been termed "creeping preciousness" might be described as $<$, a single point that spreads into infinity; while the theme writer and the action writer would be described as $>$, many incidents that lead to a single conclusion.

This New Critics' approach may be satisfactory in the wide canvas of the novel, where space permits the writer to bring all the many facets back into focus. But in the brief span of the short story the result tends toward a scientific exposition of psychological or philosophical fact. Certainly we cannot call such a presentation of truth, realistically or symbolically, a sin. The reading of psychological case studies is a highly interesting and sometimes profitable pastime. But it does not have the excitement of fiction.

Too frequently, it would seem to the lay reader, the New Critics evaluate in terms of complexity of understanding. The value would be in inverse ratio to the number of people who can be expected to understand. The harder one is forced to dig through the symbols, the myths, and the ironies to ferret the meaning the more successful the story. Reading becomes not an experience but an exercise in mental gymnastics for the critics and the initiated few. To be fair, we must admit that the New Critics view complexity as a means rather than an end. But the results are the same.

While all this cold, technical evaluation has been going on the "little magazines" devoted to publication of serious stories have declined precipitously and the larger magazines directed to the more than casual reader have come to publish less and less fiction. Even the literary quarterlies that have been spawned by many universities in the past decade seem more interested in lengthy debates about who is following whose tradition than in the discovery of good fiction. The audience of these latter magazines is largely confined to university circles and the writing fraternity, and for this reason a predominant concern with critical ideas may be justified. But

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DISTAFF SIDERS

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, submits the names of several American women writers and a list of book titles. You are asked, in each instance, to match the title to the non-writing name and to supply the name under which each writer writes. Since this quiz is a toughy, scoring sights have been lowered: Eight correct answers will be fair, nine good, and ten or better should be proclaimed with wedding bells. (Compute on basis of twenty answers, with two questions optional.) Answers on page 42.

1. Mrs. Allen Tate	( ) "A Short Walk from the Station"
2. Mrs. Henry Beston	( ) "Children are Bored on Sunday"
3. Mrs. Marcus Reback	( ) "Silky: An Increditable Tale"
4. Mrs. William Beebe	( ) "Lament for Four Virgins"
5. Mrs. F. D. Lazenby	( ) "Life among the Savages"
6. Mrs. Gilbert Highet	( ) "Confessors of the Name"
7. Mrs. H. M. McPherson	( ) "The Eagle and the Rock"
8. Mrs. Simon Goldfield	( ) "The Smoking Mountain"
9. Mrs. William McGreal	( ) "The Strange Children"
10. Mrs. Alden S. Blodget	( ) "This Was Tomorrow"
11. Mrs. Charles L. Hayden	( ) "The Folks at Home"
12. Mrs. Milton Reid Stern	( ) "The Witch Diggers"
13. Mrs. Stanley Edgar Hyman	( ) "The Fragile Years"
14. Mrs. Charles Wertenbaker	( ) "I and My True Love"
15. Mrs. Victor Augustus Lowe	( ) "Prince of Players"
16. Mrs. Oliver Ormerod Jensen	( ) "The Balance Wheel"
17. Mrs. Stanley Preston Young	( ) "The Sign of Jonah"
18. Mrs. Robert Semmes O'Leary	( ) "The Wild Honey"
19. Mrs. Fredson Thayer Bowers	( ) "Brave Interval"
20. Mrs. Norton Sanford Baskin	( ) "The Sojourner"
21. Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Jr.	( ) "Time's Corner"
22. Mrs. Joseph von Franckenstein	( ) "Nuts in May"

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for the general public there is a great deal more satisfaction in eating a luscious red apple than in hearing a lecture which extols its beauty and flavor.

FORTUNATELY, there has been published a sizable quantity of good short fiction in the popular magazines during the past decade. *Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Esquire, Today's Woman,* and *Charm,* to mention a few, have frequently harbored interesting stories. The larger of the popular magazines, such as *Good Housekeeping, Saturday Evening Post,* and *Collier's,* have produced first-rate fiction to an extent not generally realized. Even in the most surprising places good fiction sometimes crops up. *Woman's Day* is found at seven cents a copy sandwiched between loaves of bread and canned vegetables in the A & P grocery. The pick-up circulation, some three million copies, smacks of the height of popularization, and yet the magazine has shown a high level of fiction choice.

At the hint of popular appeal a great many writers and critics automatically begin to simmer. Those gifted writers who repudiate surface action seem to write for a carefully selected clientele: the critics, the college professors, the small audience of the literary quarterlies. These hermits feel secure in the immortality of art, expecting to be discovered in some future age. But is it necessarily dishonest or degrading in so writing that the greatest possible audience, the people who are alive today, may catch the truth, the insight which the author believes himself to possess? Although the purpose of literature provides an unending debate which will never be resolved, a weighty mass of argument can be produced to show that in the final analysis the primary purpose of fiction is not education, not history, not even a portrait of truth, but the entertainment of the reader.

Man is introduced to the short story in the nursery. The tale he hears may have social meaning (it's fun to share toys with brother Jack), it may have educational value (milk makes bones grow strong), and it may even bring him to a psychological understanding of his problems (momma does all those bad things because she loves me). It may be an allegory or a fable. But the story is offered and he listens primarily because of the pleasure he receives in the hearing. He may be intoxicated with that first experience and pursue the short story on up through the juvenile magazines, the slicks, and maybe finally the literary quarterlies. But each step in the journey has been prompted basically by

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A Future for Plotted Fiction

By WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, *editor of the syndicated magazine* This Week.

ONE OF THE pleasant things about being a Mild Conservative is that if you stay put long enough the world sooner or later comes round again to your way of thinking. This principle is summed up by my favorite slogan, which is: "Onward to Yesterday!"

This is a principle which applies in many fields—from fashion, with its ageless, amiable ebb and flow of hemlines and necklines, to typography, with its everlasting battle between serifs and non-serifs.

Right now the question before the house is fiction. Here, in my opinion, the principle works too.

Being a Mild Conservative, my feelings about fiction are, and have always been, as follows: (1) I like fiction. (2) I like short fiction. (3) I like short fiction with a plot to it.

For a long time these have been relatively lonely views. It was not too many years ago that publishers were saying fiction is finished. Magazine editors were cutting down their fiction budgets both in terms of cash and space. And such serious fiction as remained turned its back on all classic forms and standards and slithered off in strange directions—the shapeless little sketchlet, the stream-of-consciousness soundtrack, the Existentialist yawp of despair, or those slice-of-life stories which the Italians aptly call the school of *poverismo.*

Of course, there have been undoubted reasons for all this, though I shall only mention them briefly and listwise.

First and foremost: the impact of two wars and a Depression left us haunted, fascinated, and a bit terrified by the world around us. There was pressure to learn more about the realities (non-fiction); conversely, flight-from-reality (fiction) seemed frivolous and unworthy.

During the same period developments in color photography, color printing, rotogravure, etc., also gave reality sharp new tools to work with and encouraged a swing to non-fiction picture books and picture magazines.

Finally, and fitting in with all this, is the fact that during the past twenty-five years many of the Old Giants, the Big Names, the Master Storytellers disappeared from the scene, either physically or creatively, and much of the young talent which normally would have grown up to replace them caromed off to Hollywood, the radio studios, and the advertising agencies on Madison Avenue.

Now, at last, and thank God, there are signs that the wheel is continuing to turn and that a desire for authentic fiction is coming back.

One sign of changing times and tastes, slight but significant—and ironic too—was the London *Times*'s recent critical reference to *The New Yorker*'s famous sketch-type stories as a "now well-known genre" and "machine-made." Shades of my youth, when *The New Yorker* first burst on the scene, so boldly breaking with old formulas and old traditions! Quite evidently *Time* is not the only thing which has been Marching On.

Another sign came last year when *Life,* the pioneer among non-fiction picture magazines, broke all its rules by printing Ernest Hemingway's short novel "The Old Man and the Sea," shortly followed by the first in a series of "new" Sherlock Holmes stories. More recently *Life* published James A. Michener's "The Bridges at Toko-ri."

Even O. Henry is back among us, revived in film form, and there have been the spectacularly successful films of Somerset Maugham's short stories in "Trio," "Quartet," and "Encore." The French have turned recently to short-story films in "Seven Deadly Sins"; the Italians in "Times Gone By."

AS far as magazines are concerned, Herb Mayes of *Good Housekeeping* is one of several editors who believes in fiction. He has sharply increased his fiction component at a time when some women's magazines have allowed theirs to decline as a result of the current rage for "service" and "how-to-do-it" material. Other interesting magazine developments: the fact that *Popular Science Monthly* in

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June published its first piece of science fiction, "Islands in the Sky," by Arthur C. Clarke; and that the July issue of *Harper's Bazaar* was strictly a fiction issue featuring "Five Short Stories by Five Modern Masters" plus an essay on the short-story form by V. S. Pritchett.

These may all be short and scattered straws on which to base my feeling of a trend. But that feeling is also supported more substantially by first-hand experience at my own magazine, *This Week,* which has the very practical problem of reaching and holding the interest of a good many readers every Sunday. From what we have observed in the last two years, I can say categorically that there *is* a revived interest in fiction (among both readers and writers), and especially in short fiction, and even more especially in short fiction which really tells a tale—the kind of tight, fast, plotted story which has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Why all this emphasis on *plotted* fiction? Well that, I think, is the whole point. Fiction began to fade when people became preoccupied with reality. But now, the world of 1953 being what it is, we have reached a point where the steady tumult of reality is more than any set of nerves can stand. So it is a normal, necessary, and perfectly healthy reaction for people to seek some form, not necessarily of "escape," but at least of temporary release from current tension. In "Macbeth" the tension was so strong that it became essential for Shakespeare to include his comic porters' scene just to give the audience a safety valve for their pent-up emotions. And in modern life we need safety valves, too. I believe that millions of people are now turning to fiction for just such release. But, to repeat, it must be fiction that has a story to tell and that absorbs you, and this brings us straight back to the classic rules of plot and structure.

As to me, I say: God bless them all, both the readers and the writers of short fast fiction, and may their tribe increase. They need each other in these shell-shocked days. Often, lately, I have recalled the quotation which for years has prefaced each volume of Everyman's Library, ". . . a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." Those are the tales we need! The only trouble is that when he wrote it Sir Philip Sidney hadn't heard about the atomic bomb. Otherwise he would surely have included the rest of us along with the old men and the children. We need something, too, which will "hold" and relieve us from a too-tense, too-constant, too-morbid contemplation of each day's actuality.

Short Stories as I Like Them

By ROBERT MOSES, *who for two decades has been New York's Park Commissioner.*

I HAVE been leafing through Somerset Maugham's recent Kipling anthology following an introduction about the greatest *raconteur* of the martial British Empire and an explanation in expert, professional terms of the technique of durable short-story writing. As a rabid short-story enthusiast, I have often thought of trying my hand at a simple lay reader's definition.

I offer nothing original. A story is to a full-length novel what a Rembrandt etching, with its lights and shadows concentrating on a single object, is to a vast Venetian canvas of Veronese or Tintoretto representing the work of a squad of junior artisans under a driving foreman. From their picaresque beginnings novels have wandered aimlessly over highways and byways looking for adventure, happy in the skulduggeries of the day. The novel is often the work of an author who does not have time to write a story. A story, on the other hand, is a watch in the night, a slice of life. It is like a deathbed confession, when there is little time and breath to waste on long speeches, embroidery, and trivialities. The real short story can no doubt be absorbed quickly, but it is more than a flash of lightning illuminating a slice of life, or a synopsis for the tired businessman, or a capsule for the queasy traveler temporarily separated from radio, television, and other sedatives and soporifics. To vary the metaphor, a story is not some *pot-au-feu* into which everything has been thrown for days and which has largely boiled away.

Some of the very best stories are not stories at all in the conventional, accepted sense but bits of reporting or romantic science, like H. L. Mencken's account of the last days of William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial, which told all there is to know of the culture of the Bible Belt America of that day, or Camille Flammarion's etching of the last humans on a thin strip of beach in the final feeble rays of the exhausted, dying sun.

Stories should not be propaganda, though they may have a purpose. That purpose is to be achieved by subtlety rather than open indignation. The writer may have a message, but we don't want to see the mail bag and the postman's uniform, the clerical collar, the rostrum, or the sawdust trail. Good writers call the shots as they see them, and let the readers moralize and draw conclusions as to whether or not, as Dr. Johnson said in "Rasselas," this is a world in which there is much to be endured and little to be enjoyed, whether evil is restrained by innate good or by the certainty of death, and whether here or hereafter is the important thing.

A story should be word painting, not word photography, genuine sculpture, not a life or death mask. In spite of the quiddities of the law, it should resemble real people. The long arm of coincidence, however disguised, must always support it. How lovely it would be if the law gave heed to historical smut and restrained the authors who tell just when each wife of Henry VIII left his downy couch and upon what occasions Lucullus tickled his throat to make room for another oyster!

It is often said that editors and publishers do not order or commission stories—which, of course, is rubbish. A ribald chum who is in the know tells me that editors hunt for new story writers just as scouts beat the bushes for new ballplayers. Whether old scribblers are sold and traded like worn-out rightfielders, deponent sayeth not. It could be. This is not the place to discuss compensation, rewards, and incentives to authors, or the folly of national income taxes which penalize talent and steal from genius in a single grab the fruits of years of effort.

Good stories are not left, like foundlings, on doorsteps or dropped into boxes at a crèche. Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money. Many others like Somerset Maugham have said the same thing more politely. In other arts Michel-

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A Three-Headed Basilisk

The appearance of four books from the pens of the Sitwells—Sacheverell, Dr. Edith, Sir Osbert—provides an occasion to examine a family unique on the English literary scene. W. T. Scott, former literary editor of The Providence Journal *and author of "Mr. Whitter and Other Poems," does the examining below.*

By W. T. Scott

THE SITWELLS! Someone mentioned the name at a luncheon party just the other day and the lady at my right immediately said, "John once told me that years ago in Venice he saw a man and woman in medieval costume slowly walking in the moonlight in the great square—Osbert and Edith Sitwell."

Probably the story is true, for the Sitwells are given to nostalgic fantasy, sometimes with photographers present; in any case it is the kind of story the Sitwells have inspired since they came rumpusing on to the London literary scene just after the First World War. The three of them—Dr. Edith, as she is now known; Sir Osbert, as he now is titled by inheritance, and the younger brother, Sacheverell, —have been not only prolific writers but their own best propagandists and, in consequence, not merely writers but (which is not the same thing) public figures.

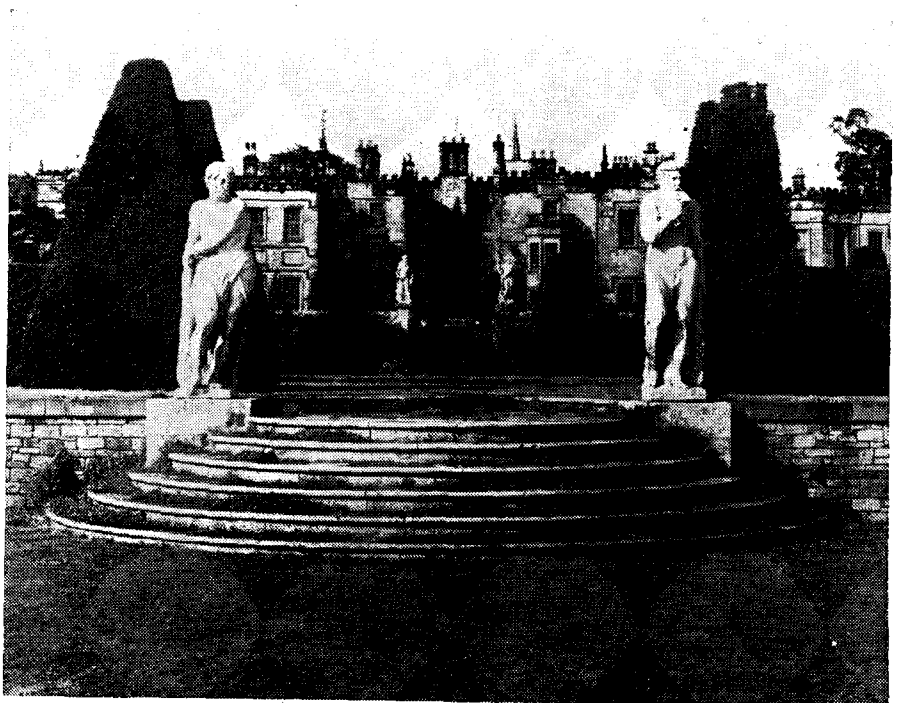
Time has spiraled them from rebellion to eminence. They are respectably famous and the poet Edith even fashionable. Least known in this country, Sacheverell has recently made his first lecture tour here. Dr. Edith and Sir Osbert are again here for a series of readings which have been annual since their first great splash in 1948. All three have new books on the counters. A "Selected Works of Sacheverell Sitwell" (Bobbs-Merrill, $4) at last offers the American public an opportunity to acquire a taste (it is a necessary process) for his esthetics and his prose. "Gardeners and Astronomers" (see page 15) is Dr. Edith's latest volume of poems. Sir Osbert's "Collected Stories" (Harper, $5) assembles in one the contents of four or five books of short stories, and his "Wrack at Tidesend" (see page 14) is a new volume of his verse.

"We all have the remote air of a legend," Dr. Edith observed years ago in an autobiographical poem, "Colonel Fantock." And this trio of tall, distinguished-looking British aristocrats has maintained that air amidst the noisy atmospheres of American platforms, microphones, cocktail parties, and press interviews; and maintained it, as any who have met them will testify, along with an uncondescending, warm, and friendly courtesy. Most dramatic is Dr. Edith, not so much dressed as costumed with her turbans and capes and long gowns and heavy jewelry. The legendary air is invisibly but just as thoroughly served by the Sitwells' fabulous background. Their ancient connections are in some instances those of the British royal family, but the Sitwells' are on the whole rather better.

The large audiences and fees which Dr. Edith and Sir Osbert have drawn in America are certainly due in part to snob appeal; just as certainly, though, this observation does not constitute an assessment of their merits as writers. Of course, they and their brother have always been impressive just by numbers. Three writers out of a single family in the same generation has set blurbists into a mood of nothing-like-it-since-the-Brontës, and the Sitwells themselves have from the first been noticeably cohesive. They have operated as a flying wedge, as a triple threat. They are accustomed to write glowingly of each other—"genius" is a household word at Renishaw, their ancestral home—and have never deviated from an all for one and one for all fellowship. When any of them uses the pronoun "we" the reader instantly assumes a reference to three specific persons: it must be the only literal editorial "we" in the world. Yet for all this they are distinctively different writers. Out of a common background (which was most uncommon) they were bound to evolve certain resemblances, but at no point could the signatures of their various books be interchanged.

THEIR legend flourishes, then, not diminished but enlarged by their increased accessibility. We may recall in this connection a sentence Dr. Edith wrote to Gertrude Stein in 1926 urging Miss Stein to make a personal appearance in Cambridge, England, as an effective means of helping the cause of Miss Stein's experimental and widely ridiculed writing. This was, of course, some years before Gertrude Stein, like the Sitwells themselves, emphatically became a celebrity. Dr. Edith wrote her: "It is quite undoubted that a personality does help to convince half-intelligent people."

The Sitwells, too, were known in their youthful years as experimentalists and had to bear ridicule in the public press and at home. "Edith's poems make *me* look ridiculous!" exclaimed their remarkable father, Sir George. To the young Sitwell men



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Renishaw Hall—"ancient connections in some instances royal."

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Arnold Bennett became "Uncle Arnold," a loyal friend, and he expressed admiration for Edith's poems; but for the most part the Sitwells were anathema to older, established writers. At the least such writers, like H. G. Wells, remained "as appreciatively indifferent as . . . to the quaint patterns of old chintzes, the designs on dinner plates, or the charm of nursery rhymes."

Indifference was not what the Sitwells thrived on, and where there was not active opposition they cannily whipped it up with extra-curricular impertinences. A reporter who is not a Sitwellian but seems not seriously unfriendly either, Frank Swinnerton, describes those beginnings on a page of "The Georgian Literary Scene":

"In the beginning they were three *enfants terribles*. Being excluded, either by their own act or by the repulsion of the editorial canon, from 'Georgian Poetry' [an annual of the period], they established a counter-blast to which they gave the name 'Wheels'; and to this all three contributed greatly, adding jovial and insulting annotations with which they lambasted uncomplimentary reviewers. They engaged with reviewers upon every hand—though the reviewers were at times hardly worth a word of reproof. They indulged in japes, such as their successive entries in 'Who's Who,' advertisements in the Personal columns of *The Times*, and so on. They satirized their rivals, their so-called 'enemies,' in ribald poems, and sometimes did the same for social ladies whose fault was only that they were overzealous in entertaining the latest lion in any art or craft. In this way they drew attention to themselves, and caused warier folk to shake heads at such mountebankery. The tactics obscured the talent.

"But," Swinnerton goes on, "the Sitwells did not mind. They were not poor young men, struggling to find a public, but were children of rich parents, and were very much in the fashionable world. They were more in the fashionable world than any other writers. Osbert, with the profile of a Roman emperor or a Hanoverian sovereign, with his cold eyes and merciless tongue; Sacheverell, tall, more patently a young poet, haughtier yet, and in early days unable to laugh without apparent physical pain; Edith like a sibyl, beautiful and highly mysterious; all three oddly kind and generous despite their diabolical skill in ridicule, they held upon their resolute way. The talent was theirs. It must be acknowledged. It must be acclaimed. Those who did not acclaim it were traitors, who must die the death."

Probably their biggest ruckus attended the presentation in 1923 of "Facade." These poems of Dr. Edith's are in fact dazzling experiments in sound and rhythm, even if their meaning be little more than that. Set to music by William Walton and spoken by Miss Sitwell through a "Sengerphone" behind a designed curtain, the poems only convinced their first public audience in Aeolian Hall, London, that it was being had. The press sneered. Noel Coward strode from the hall. It was for the British as excited as a premiere in Paris. And on another occasion the Sitwells made headlines by marching to court in reply to an abusive press. "We hated to do that," Miss Sitwell remarked a few years ago, but—one inferred—it was a necessary gesture in the cause of literature. The complete story of those stormy years of impudence on one side and acrimony on the other is yet to be written.

IN the introduction to "Great Morning!," one of the volumes of his magnificent autobiography, Sir Osbert says: "All three of us as we grew up were obliged to find our own way, and then to fight for it bitterly, and against much opposition, a thing now forgotten. Towards the end of the nineteenth century English literature had become a middle-class liberal preserve and bird sanctuary, and the critics were furious at seeing three more poets coming from the old Elizabethan and Stuart direction. Book after book was rejected, and when published condemned, to the great joy of the ancient hordes, the cronies of my father and mother, who had warned us to adopt more usual careers, and had sided with my parents. Moreover, even I myself had no wish to be a mute, inglorious Sitwell. Meanwhile the abuse in the press was often violent and the catcalls sounded loud. This was by no means easy for a proud or a vain man to bear: and since we came of many generations used to getting their own way, and, further, nature had endowed us with a sense of fun, and an aptitude for repartee, we replied with vigor. But then (yes, I know it is a weakness), I write the better when laurel-crowned, and the worse for criticism; which, Gentle Critic, I abhor and abominate."

However esoteric and sometimes even precious some of the Sitwells' work has been, it has not had the slimness typical of the highly conscious esthete; the productivity of all three is awesome. Edith Sitwell is now sixty-six; she was born in the same year as poets Edwin Muir, Marianne Moore, Robinson Jeffers, and Rupert Brooke. Sacheverell is ten years younger. Sir Osbert is sixty-one. Sacheverell is the only one of the trio who is married: the famous Sitwell line continues through his two sons. (There is, by the way, an enticing story that one of those sons caused a family sensation by taking, quite unadvised, and brilliantly passing a school examination for a scholarship. The horns of the adults' dilemma were, of course, pleasure at the boy's mental superiority and dismay at a Sitwell even possibly attending school on a scholarship. So, anyway, it is rumored.)

The great source of published information on the Sitwells is Sir Osbert's autobiography. These five volumes which appeared between 1944 and 1950 are now called by the single title of the first, "Left Hand, Right Hand!" The subsidiary titles are "The Scarlet Tree," "Great Morning!," "Laughter in the Next Room," and "Noble Essences." He has, I believe, completed—certainly he has been at work upon—a sixth volume of memoirs to be left unpublished for a century, or until its indiscretions, as he once put it in conversation, "become discreet."

THERE is no reason for regarding this autobiography as anything less than a masterwork, a classic. It is inconceivable that it will not remain a permanent record of an extinct way of life: the life of the highest social level in England as it basked in the golden and secure light of the 1890's and the fourteen years before the First World War, all unaware that it was laved in a long twilight that would come to a sudden night. There also are set down the heredity, personalities and friends and relatives of a great family, and the story of the emergence from that wealth-encrusted but largely nonintellectual source of three artist types.

Nor does it seem likely that "Left Hand, Right Hand!" will survive merely as a fabulous document; it is too lavishly composed, too artfully written to fail of a place in literature. If it had nothing else (and it has so much else) its immortality would seem assured by the portraits, *passim*, of the author's father, Sir George Sitwell, and Sir George's mountainous Sancho Panza of a servant, Henry Moat. Henry with his shrewd earthiness and common sense, Sir George with his endless and fantastic schemes,

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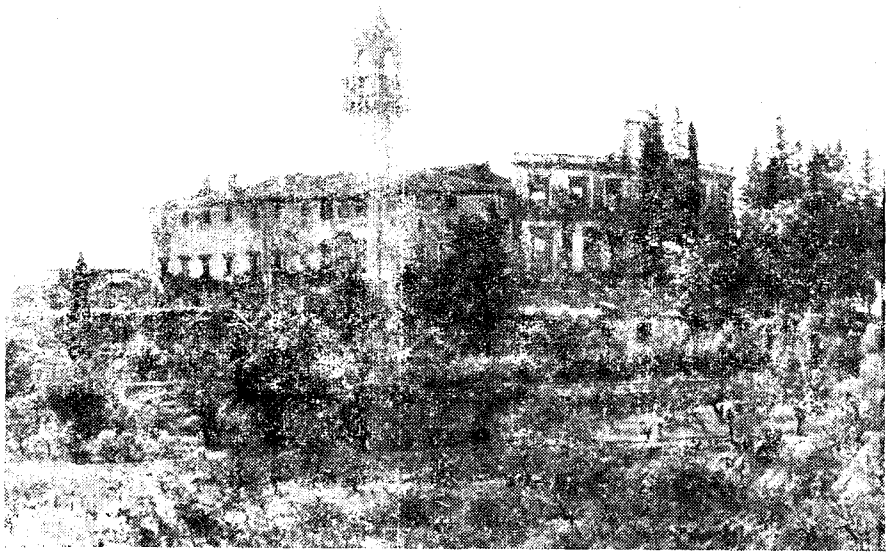
his ridiculousness, his pathos, his yet sometimes genuine grandeur, his insufferable arrogance, his comic frustrations—I don't know how those portraits can be praised adequately without saying of them that they stand with great creations in fiction.

Sir George is so wonderful that a reader feels delight when he appears again—it is like getting a little added information on Falstaff or Mr. Pickwick or, for that matter, so dissimilar an immortal as Huck Finn—for a moment in the preface to Sir Osbert's "Collected Stories." Sir Osbert says his father "had somehow discovered" his first wrestlings with a short story, "and would repeatedly, and all in one movement, knock at the door, enter the room, and rush through it with his very rapid walk (which he claimed as an indication of the similar rapid action of his brain), saying with a note of injury and even of restrained agony in his voice, 'Two brains are better than one. . . . Such a mistake *not* to consult *me*!' The light, pattering footsteps would then depart, until another identical interruption would ensue in twenty minutes or so." (Sir Osbert has told elsewhere how he and his brother and sister could get no work done, for interruptions, even in the huge house of Renishaw, and how finally he persuaded his parents to emigrate to their castle in Italy, Montegufoni.)

THE stories now collected are leisurely and mildly interesting. They have a satirical touch which, since it also embodies affection, is not unlike John P. Marquand's but, in these, not so skilful. Sir Osbert the rebel is now caught in his past. This might have been prophesied years ago on the basis of his very fine novel, "Before the Bombardment." At any rate his *recherche du temps perdu*, both mellow and sharp in temper, distinguishes all that is most valuable in his work, even if in even the best of these stories and in his portrait poems it nowhere achieves the authentic finality of his autobiography.

Certain persons in the know will tell you that although Sacheverell Sitwell is the least famous of the trio he is the idea man, the research man of the family; that concepts and images may be traced from his books into Sir Osbert's and, even more so, into his sister Edith's verse. He is, certainly, a sort of traveling scholar. He has written many specialized books on art, on architecture, on painting, on music, on folklore and strange customs. He is the amateur of estheticism. His work in general derives from other arts or documents. It is criticism rather than creation. The conclusion of his introduction to the "Selected Works" reveals his awareness of this: "Now comes the moment, with a career half over, when the truth is borne in upon me of Pope's remark that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and I know that I should address myself more to persons than to things . . . take up my pen, and begin anew."



The Sitwell castle at Montegufoni—"the rebel is caught in his past."

Because they are instinct with fascinating people, the first three essays in the "Selected Works" are most likely to hold the American reader: essays on London and the dandies of London in the early nineteenth century, on Elizabeth Siddal and the Rossettis, and on Madeleine Smith, a Victorian girl accused of poisoning her lover. In these one is unbothered by what one feels elsewhere in his work, the dull feeling of writing for writing's sake; in these, at least, he is the most urbane of rewrite men. Not that his vast erudition is not impressive; but he is intricately interested much of the time in esthetic considerations pursued only by the few.

His most characteristic poems incline to the essay length and, for that matter, to an essay style. They lack the force of seeming necessity for being, though they include descriptive passages of eloquence and occasional imagery which does indeed link them a little to the richer poetry of his sister. In its grasp at big themes of life and death or of age and regeneration, Dr. Edith's poetry of the past decade has become more like Sacheverell Sitwell's; but it is as though his were dramatized by a heightened rhetoric. Hers is incomparably more vigorous.

Her early poems—this has been said over and over—were an artificial game. Admittedly so, for though they were attacked as such they were also defended as such. And these tricks, sometimes charming and sometimes not, culminated in an intenser long poem, "Gold Coast Customs," which, in 1929, temporarily closed her poetic career; for the next ten years she devotedly nursed a sick friend, Helen Rootham, and wrote such prose books as "Alexander Pope," "Fanfare for Elizabeth," and others.

"Gold Coast Customs" with its violent and Negroid rhythms has sometimes recalled Vachel Lindsay's "Congo" to American ears; but Miss Sitwell has said "No.—I see why you asked me that. But no—no, he was not on my mind. I admire his poem 'General William Booth Enters Into Heaven.'" In any event, her poem terminated her experiments with rhythms *per se*, and adumbrated the deep concern with "the proper study of mankind" which marks the sybilline poetry of her past decade and more.

IN THIS later poetry there are, besides Biblical and other ancient ones, two modern influences of foremost importance: the observed influence of Yeats and the—so far as I know—curiously unobserved influence of Whitman. In prose commentary Dr. Edith has repeatedly referred to Whitman, and she once said to me, "I have been influenced by your very great poet Walt Whitman. His is the only photograph"—this with a sort of acknowledging bow to an American—"in the drawing room at Renishaw." These poems for which her fame is now very large (they are in the new "Gardeners and Astronomers" and the rest, most handily, in the collected volume, "The Canticle

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of the Rose") employ the aged raging of Yeats with the long, dithyrambic cadences of "Leaves of Grass." She makes her own of these things, nonetheless.

LIKE her brothers, Dr. Edith is a very self-conscious artist. She is not above discussing the "wave-lengths" of her vowels or, even, the "purple" ones—and there are other colors—which were allegedly Shakespeare's. Her poems, too, are interknit; sometimes, indeed, to a tiresome repetition of "gold" and "lion," of "rubies" and other jewels. One feels that her poetry, scoffed at too readily in its early phase and knelt before too rapturously in its latter by all kinds of critics, is peculiarly in need of time to assess it properly. "Great" is an adjective now frequently tossed to it, and by responsible, intelligent critics. For one, I find it overwrought, Cassandran. It has, admittedly, the intensity of operatic arias; and, like operatic arias, it is better in the single instance than en masse. Also I should like, for example, to see these cosmic poems tried alongside the harder, not dissimilar, but presently neglected poems of another "very great poet," Robinson Jeffers.

For the serious writer, the literary artist—if you will—the handicap of being born to great wealth and a famous name is not to be underestimated. It does happen, but it is worse than being born to poverty, and the middle-class-born is immensely luckier. For proof see where the majority of writers have come from. The Sitwells had to wage war against their relatives, their proper world, for the persuasions of that background were that literary pursuits were at best frivolous and at worst shameful.

Rebellion begets self-consciousness, and this is further complicated by an inherited attitude which is all but impossible to discard: the Squire's children are not to be openly criticized. So rebellion has to thrash in both directions: at the smug convictions of its parent upper class and at the philistine public, which also does not understand. And this can cause self-defensive hi-jinks of impressive notoriety. What we must remember is that the doubly-assailed person can as a public personage exploit his position and at the same time be utterly sincere in his role of artist. Indeed, he feels he must make that exploitation for his art's sake—what he really believes in, what he is really devoted to. And, as with all three Sitwells, time—in time—may prove him justified. They were not destroyed and they have added something, indeterminable but assuredly there, to the literature of our language.

Songs of a Baronet

Osbert Sitwell's "Wrack at Tidesend" *is a new volume of poetry issued simultaneously in two versions by Caedmon Publishers: as a book (101 pp. $2.50) and as a long-playing record spoken by the author (in slipcase with the book, $7.50).*

By I. L. Salomon

A UNIQUE and brilliant volume of poetry, "Wrack at Tidesend," by Osbert Sitwell, has just been published by Caedmon, that fledgling house devoted to magnificent literary recordings. Their first book, it is Mr. Sitwell's second in his major trilogy, "England Reclaimed." The earlier eclogues were gallery portraits of rustics and retainers at Renishaw. These poems are subtitled "A Book of Balnearics," since they treat of people at a health resort, taking the baths. The time: late-Victorian and Edwardian England. The place: that cul-de-sac Scarborough, where Mr. Sitwell spent his boyhood.

It is the invalidism of a seaside world Mr. Sitwell remembers from his childhood, a world of fashion and respectability, containing the low and high orders of society. It is the world of Dick, the Donkey-Boy, driving his drove "amid the jostled cries and laughter" and of Lousy Peter, professional beggar, who "preferred to beg/ From unprofessional givers" and not from "charitable ladies." It is the world of doctors and their wives, of Mrs. Diggle, who came to Tidesend, that "paradise of anomalies, a perfection for the imperfect," for money could "purchase comfort." It is the world of the lamp-lighter, who "would corkscrew round the cold corner on the wind" and of Miss Mew, whose window box, that "small coffin of earth/ . . . offered a whole world of life." And of Rosie, her servant, who "Herself seemed to be formed of handsome farm and garden produce,/ Prime material for a matron." It is the world of bishops and canons and of Mrs. Doribell's daughters, herself and they "as good judges of curate-flesh/ As the gaitered men were . . . of horses," and of "Tim" Doribell, the tomboy, who had fallen from an elm, and "this had left her with a seven-year-old artificial smile/And a consequent reputation for good nature." It is the world of the Great Nemo, palmist, clairvoyant, and occultist, who was found one winter "dangling from a girder/Swaying to the sea's anger." It is the world of Mr. Higgins, sporting for the widow Mrs. Trasker, they the guardians of the doors marked "Gentlemen" and "Ladies."

If there is satire here, there is also compassion. If there is ironic levity, there is a sense of disquieting grief. For this is no comedy of manners. It is a cycle of civilization Mr. Sitwell remembers, a *comédie humaine*. If in "The Ballad of Sister Anne" Miss Weatherby is dying, so is her generation. The dress Madame Cockburn's van is delivering for a ball is "A white cloud—Like a shroud." Mr. Sitwell uses the identical introductory refrain that John Peale Bishop uses in "Perspectives Are Precipices" namely, Sister Anne, Sister Anne, to achieve a similar effect of a world dying.

Mr. Sitwell is not without tomfoolery in "Wrack at Tidesend." He claims he has "been much influenced by the critical writings of my eminent friend Monsieur Roland de Coulancour," from whom he supposedly quotes two compelling paragraphs: "Follow these people into their own homes, dog their footsteps to tombolas and bazaars. Watch them. Observe, without their seeing you: write, state, but do not comment." That is his creed, but it is his own, beautifully written and beautifully recorded on the disc. Mr. Sitwell is Roland de Coulancour. Further, he states in a note that he is "indebted to the late Henry Moat," his father's butler for a generation, "for the names of the various fishes" in "Mrs. Kimber." Truly, the catalogue of "Gleaming, writhing hills of herring, cod and codling,/Ling, sprat in their season, sole, smelt, and whiting,/Plaice, lait, dab, trout and salmon . . . Cuttlefish, Black Jack and Old Fishwife" has a resemblance to that amazing chapter on giganticism in Joyce's "Ulysses," where in "fishful streams . . . sport the gunnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut, the gibbed haddock, the grilse, the dab, the brill, the flounder, the mixed coarse fish generally and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom too numerous to be enumerated."

"Wrack at Tidesend" is a vital, extraordinary book, and Mr. Sitwell's recording is alive with sense and sensibility. Read or heard, each is worthy of a place in the home. Together they make an inspiring combination.

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That Thriving Realm

Edith Sitwell's "Gardeners and Astronomers" *(Vanguard Press. 61 pp. $2.75) is the newest volume of verse by an English poet who has lately become celebrated also for her reading of poetry. Below it is reviewed by Horace Gregory, poet and critic, author of "A History of American Poetry" and other works.*

By Horace Gregory

IN THE READING of poetry the essential reason for enjoying it is the discovery of a new world of the senses. The major poet creates a new cosmos, a freshly perceived reordering of the universe, held, as it were, between the covers of a book. Of course, the arrival of such books is rare and is almost always an unexpected, unpredictable event. W. B. Yeats's "The Tower" was a book of that character, and this season Edith Sitwell's new book of poems, "Gardeners and Astronomers," is another.

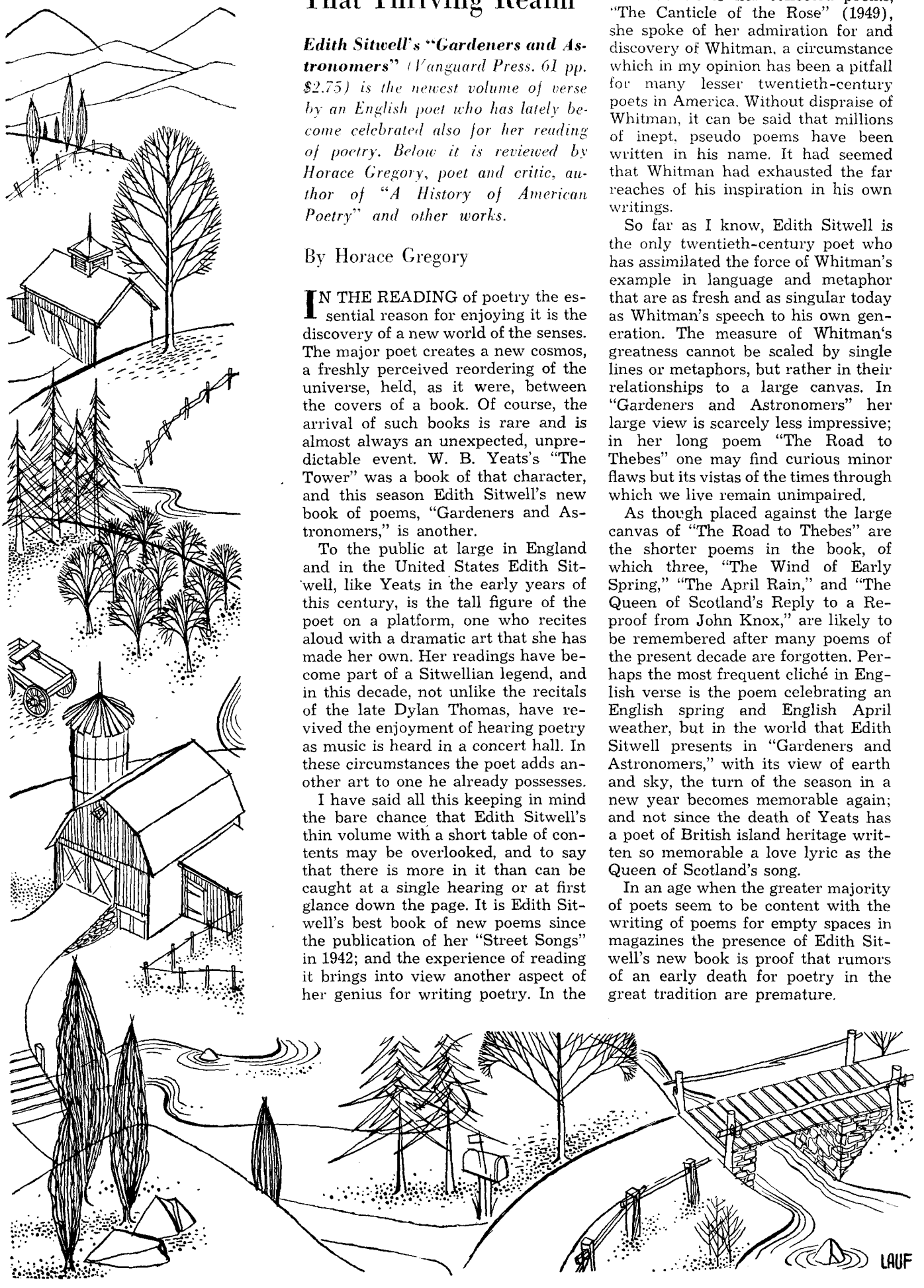
To the public at large in England and in the United States Edith Sitwell, like Yeats in the early years of this century, is the tall figure of the poet on a platform, one who recites aloud with a dramatic art that she has made her own. Her readings have become part of a Sitwellian legend, and in this decade, not unlike the recitals of the late Dylan Thomas, have revived the enjoyment of hearing poetry as music is heard in a concert hall. In these circumstances the poet adds another art to one he already possesses.

I have said all this keeping in mind the bare chance that Edith Sitwell's thin volume with a short table of contents may be overlooked, and to say that there is more in it than can be caught at a single hearing or at first glance down the page. It is Edith Sitwell's best book of new poems since the publication of her "Street Songs" in 1942; and the experience of reading it brings into view another aspect of her genius for writing poetry. In the introduction to her collected poems, "The Canticle of the Rose" (1949), she spoke of her admiration for and discovery of Whitman, a circumstance which in my opinion has been a pitfall for many lesser twentieth-century poets in America. Without dispraise of Whitman, it can be said that millions of inept, pseudo poems have been written in his name. It had seemed that Whitman had exhausted the far reaches of his inspiration in his own writings.

So far as I know, Edith Sitwell is the only twentieth-century poet who has assimilated the force of Whitman's example in language and metaphor that are as fresh and as singular today as Whitman's speech to his own generation. The measure of Whitman's greatness cannot be scaled by single lines or metaphors, but rather in their relationships to a large canvas. In "Gardeners and Astronomers" her large view is scarcely less impressive; in her long poem "The Road to Thebes" one may find curious minor flaws but its vistas of the times through which we live remain unimpaired.

As though placed against the large canvas of "The Road to Thebes" are the shorter poems in the book, of which three, "The Wind of Early Spring," "The April Rain," and "The Queen of Scotland's Reply to a Reproof from John Knox," are likely to be remembered after many poems of the present decade are forgotten. Perhaps the most frequent cliché in English verse is the poem celebrating an English spring and English April weather, but in the world that Edith Sitwell presents in "Gardeners and Astronomers," with its view of earth and sky, the turn of the season in a new year becomes memorable again; and not since the death of Yeats has a poet of British island heritage written so memorable a love lyric as the Queen of Scotland's song.

In an age when the greater majority of poets seem to be content with the writing of poems for empty spaces in magazines the presence of Edith Sitwell's new book is proof that rumors of an early death for poetry in the great tradition are premature.



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Countrymen of Caesar

"The United States and Italy," by H. Stuart Hughes (Harvard University Press. 166 pp. $4), and "Americans Are Alone in the World," by Luigi Barzini, Jr. (Random House. 209 pp. $2.50), provide a two-way look at Italian-American relations, the first being a book about Italy for Americans, the latter a book about the United States for Italians. They are reviewed below by Professor Felix Gilbert, of Bryn Mawr College, co-editor of "The Diplomats: 1919-1939."

By Felix Gilbert

BOTH H. Stuart Hughes, author of "The United States and Italy," and Luigi Barzini, Jr., author of "Americans Are Alone in the World" —an American writing on Italy and an Italian writing on the United States —feel that their own people possess little real knowledge of the country which forms the subject of their books. This basic assumption may appear surprising. Acquaintance with Italian art, and even a smattering of knowledge of Italian literature and language, has formed part of the cultural equipment of the well-educated American since the early nineteenth century, and even today a visit to Italy is a "must" for the American traveler. On their side, Italians seem to have an insatiable curiosity for news about the United States. Italian newspapers and periodicals cover life in the United States more thoroughly than that of any other country, and it is hard to imagine that American movies are discussed anywhere else with such passion and seriousness. The educated Italian has the most extensive knowledge of modern American literature; the Fulbright scholar, sent to instruct in American literature, will most certainly disappoint his audience if he offers them an elementary survey and does not embark on higher criticism.

Nevertheless, there is truth in the basic assumption of our two authors. It is startling how, despite their fascination with skyscrapers and drugstores, despite their perceptive discussions of Hemingway's style and of Faulkner's psychological insights, Italians cling to a picture of the United States which has little connection with contemporary reality. To most Italians, the United States is still the country of limitless opportunities, of millionaires and Newport luxury villas, of gangsters becoming respectable by becoming rich; the United States has remained the country where the materialistic aspects of European civilization have been perfected, but its spirit lost. Signor Barzini, who was a student in the States in the Twenties and recently revisited this country, is fascinated by the changes which have occurred. His great experience is that the world of the Twenties—and that means the world whose crude effervescences have shaped the Italian concept of the United States—no longer exists. To the American reader Signor Barzini's discovery will not come as a great revelation, and sometimes the reader cannot help wondering why the publisher found an English edition of this book necessary. But there can be no doubt that the book must fulfil a more than useful function in Italy, where it is a best-seller. There it makes a valuable contribution by showing that the backbone of American life is formed by a "middle class" whose existence is no more glamorous than that of its European counterpart. It must be fully acknowledged that Signor Barzini's impressionistic descriptions of the struggles, the modest ambitions, and satisfactions of the average American are frequently excellent. As an intelligent and observant outsider he is able to find in the activities of the daily routine characteristic and revealing features of which those involved are frequently unaware.

Mr. Hughes's task was less that of replacing the prevailing American concept of Italy by another than to add to the impressions of the American traveler a dimension which reaches below the surface; he agrees with L. Olschki's excellent summarization that Italy is "a tragic country with a smiling face." The poverty of the country, the hardness of life, the complexity of its social problems emerge clearly from Mr. Hughes's book. The approach which he adopts in this brilliant addition to the American Foreign Policy Library is chiefly historical—I am sure not only because he is a professional historian but because in Italy, which has "the longest continuous history of any great Western country," there hangs over the people a sense of history which gives the problems of the present their special and unique shape.

MR. HUGHES'S outline of Italian history is a masterpiece of good and lucid writing; it flows so smoothly that the reader is hardly aware of the thoroughness with which his treatment encompasses the complex issues of the Italian past. As a result of this historical analysis there emerges a clear explanation of the phenomenon which to Americans frequently seems so difficult to understand, namely the existence of a large Communist bloc in a country which is so fundamentally and essentially "Western." Mr. Hughes shows the various factors which explain this development: primarily the poverty of the country; then the historical reasons for a radical anticlericalism; the special situation of the South—kept by external circumstances outside the mainstream of the Italian development and after the unification an object of exploitation rather than of slow integration; and, finally, the accidents of the campaign of the last war which made it possible for the Communists to create the skeleton of a firm and independent organization in the time of the "resistance." I feel less sure than Mr. Hughes that one must consider the Nenni Socialists as completely subservient to the Communists; in my opinion, the binding link between Communists and Nenni Socialists is forged by the trade unions, and a program which gives them immediate advantages might induce the Nenni Socialists to a more independent and more positive attitude than now.

But, whatever one's view about the possibilities of broadening the basis of government in Italy, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hughes is right in stating that the crucial burden in the fight against Communism and for the maintenance of democracy in Italy lies on the shoulders of the Christian-Democratic Party and that for us "there remains no choice but active or passive support of that massive but amorphous party." Mr. Hughes does not, however, succumb to the fallacy of believing that the fact of our standing together against a common enemy forces us to approve of any course which our ally takes. Mr. Hughes points out the tendencies within the Christian-Democratic Party, toward

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developing into a "regime," into a mild, disguised authoritarian dictatorship. Despite a full recognition of the achievements of the De Gasperi Government since 1948, Mr. Hughes does not hide the fact that it owes the adverse outcome of this summer's elections to its own shortcomings rather than to the irresponsible propaganda on the part of the opposition. In particular, he is critical of the slowness and lack of imagination with which the De Gasperi Government has attacked the festering wound of Italian politics, the problem of the South. Mr. Hughes recommends "a kind of shock treatment—a rapid succession of measures for land redistribution, land improvement, power development, highway building, and industrialization all going on at the same time."

IT IS evident that this policy cannot be carried through without continued American support—of a technical as well as of a financial character. Signor Barzini ends on the same note—an appeal for continuation of American support for Europe. For, after having described the "new" social scene in the United States, Signor Barzini gives an analysis of what he considers the peculiarities of the American approach to foreign affairs—which seems to him a strange mixture of unreal optimism and of primitive reliance on technical power. Though, in his intentionally provocative remarks, Signor Barzini seems to me frequently to miss the target, he sometimes scores a painful hit. To Signor Barzini the fundamental reason why the United States should not abandon Europe is that they themselves are Europe: "G.I.'s fighting in Korea think they fight for 'freedom,' one of the conquests of their forefathers. They also fight for Plato, Aristotle, Jesus Christ, medieval theologians, and thousands of others . . ."

One may have one's own thoughts about the validity of this kind of pleading. It remains characteristic, however, that Signor Barzini and Mr. Hughes base their appeal for support of Italy on very broad and general grounds. They do not try to make out a case that there are special reasons of political, economic, or strategic nature which would justify giving Italy a special priority in the list of demands on the United States. Hard as the admission is to the lover of Italy and of the Italian people, the fact is that Italy's role in Europe and its role in American policy towards Europe is secondary. But it is for this reason that Italy becomes a significant test case for the broadness or narrowness of the security concept which governs America's relations to the outside world.

Uneasy Fatherland

James P. Warburg's "Germany: Key to Peace" *(Harvard University Press. 344 pp. $4.75) is a prescription by a veteran observer of the foreign scene for American policy in respect to our late enemy. Marshall Knappen, who reviews it below, is professor of political science at the University of Michigan and served with the Office of Military Government for Germany from 1942 to 1946.*

By Marshall Knappen

"NO TERRITORIAL changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned." This was a major element in the peace settlement proposed by Roosevelt and Churchill in 1941 when the Atlantic Charter was issued. Yet in 1945, after four years of wartime bitterness, they and their successors made agreements at Yalta and Potsdam which resulted in great territorial changes being made in Eastern Europe without validating plebiscites. This departure from the avowed principles of the anti-Axis alliance has now produced results of the sort foreseen when the Charter was drawn up, ostensibly to avoid this very kind of situation. Defeated Germany, freed from Nazi rule, should be a stable element in a peaceful world, or at least in the defensive alliance designed to assure the peace of the West. But how can it make this expected contribution while it is plagued by memories of lost eastern territories? As long as nearly one voter out of four in West Germany is either a refugee or an expellee irredentism will inevitably flourish. Any alliance the Western powers make with truncated Germany will constantly be exposed to two alternative threats—involvement in a war of aggression to regain the lost provinces, or desertion of Germany to the East as the result of a bargain.

J. P. Warburg—"unconscious remnants."

James P. Warburg has courageously tried to face this fact, so unpleasant that many Western writers and statesmen have preferred to ignore it. Since the close of World War II, during which he has held an important position in the Overseas Branch of OWI, he has produced eight books and seven pamphlets largely if not entirely devoted to the German problem. His point of view resembles that taken by Walter Lippmann in many of his writings. Mr. Warburg is extremely critical of the main trend of American postwar policy in Europe. Instead of a rearmed West Germany tied in with the NATO defensive front, he very much prefers for the immediate future—pending universal disarmament, for which he hopes—a unified, disarmed, and neutralized country which would be allowed to recover all its eastern territories except Silesia and East Prussia. If Soviet intransigeance will not permit such a complete unification he proposes an agreement by which foreign troops would be withdrawn from both parts of Germany, with a U.N. or Swiss-Swedish neutral commission set up to keep all German territory demilitarized. The latest of his works, "Germany: Key to Peace," while reviewing developments since 1945 and drawing heavily on the author's earlier writings in the process, is primarily devoted to urging the Eisenhower Administration to adopt such a policy.

MR. WARBURG frankly concedes that his concern about the future of the country of his birth and childhood may have caused his judgments to "be influenced by unconscious emotional remnants." His concentration on this one aspect of American foreign policy does indeed seem to give his proposals an air of unreality and impracticality. The Soviet regime and its leaders appear only in shadowy outlines, as forces and figures ad-

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mittedly unpleasant and disagreeable but still susceptible to being handled well enough without German aid, if only our negotiators would make a real effort. He is almost equally cavalier when dealing with another intractable force, American public opinion. His plan would perhaps require "something like an additional ten divisions to replace the West German contribution contemplated under EDC," but he feels that "these additional American forces could be supplied without difficulty," either through reaching a settlement in Korea or drawing on reserves now in the United States. Some of the conclusions about Germany itself are equally questionable. Although the proposed boundary settlement would permanently deprive that country of Silesia and East Prussia the author believes that it "would probably seem just and reasonable to the majority of the German people." Writing before the results of last autumn's West German elections were known, he assumed that at best they would leave the Adenauer Government greatly weakened and almost completely dependent on reviving right-wing extremists.

Suggesting flaws in a proffered plan is much easier than supplying a practical solution for the very real and very serious problem with which Mr. Warburg is concerned. In the long course of European history, sprinkled with such names as Alsace-Lorraine and Trieste, irredentism has shown itself a force far too strong to be charmed out of existence by a determination to ignore it. The guilt of abandoning the principles of the Atlantic Charter cannot be so easily expiated. Americans must be willing to face facts and courageously deal with realities if a sound policy on Germany is to be devised.

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Lining Up with the West."

Red Rule's Anatomy

"How Russia Is Ruled," by Merle Fainsod *(Harvard University Press. 575 pp. $7.50), is an analysis by a specialist of the way in which the Soviet system actually operates and an assessment of the chances for its overthrow. Below it is reviewed by Julian Towster, associate professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley and the author of "Political Power in the USSR."*

By Julian Towster

THE declared purpose of Merle Fainsod's "How Russia Is Ruled" is to analyze the physiology and anatomy of the Soviet system and to convey an idea of its "living political processes." The methodology employed includes the testimony of Soviet defectors as a source of data. This is a praiseworthy innovation, since the interests of scholarship and national security alike demand the use of every possible new source to act as correctives to the findings of political analysts who normally concentrate on a scrutiny of primary source materials and an attempt to read between the lines.

For the specialist Mr. Fainsod's most valuable contributions are in his discussions of the Communist Party, of public administration, and of the tensions and controls found in Soviet factories and agriculture. For the general reader its value is of another sort.

Since the end of the war serious studies on Russia have followed one another in a steady procession. Dallin, Mosely, and Kennan, Hazard, Bergson, Inkeles, Moore, Nemzer—these and many others have broken new ground. Whatever the individual virtues or shortcomings of their works, they constitute in their totality a laboratory on the Soviet polity and raise the sights of our understanding of Russia. Now the time has come to sift and synthesize the findings of these works. And in this reviewer's opinion it is precisely the chief merit of Fainsod's book that it is an admirable synthesis of facts and insights contained in many commentaries and analyses of the Soviet system which have appeared since the end of World War II.

The conclusions of the book can be summarized as follows: Stalin built his position on the mutual control and rivalry of the Party, the secret police, army, state administration, and industrial management. Yet these hierarchies are "power structures in their own right," not mere robots of the ruling group. The techniques of control employed by that group are indoctrination, incentives, and repression, and its basic method of governing the alternating of repression with "periodic concessions and breathing spaces." The three pillars of the regime are the army, the secret police, and the top managerial and cultural intelligentsia—a functional rather than hereditary elite. Although dissatisfactions are generated within it by the rulers' distrust and police surveillance, they do not threaten the regime. The labor and collective farm aristocracy, skilled workers, office employees, and above all the youth, likewise have become identified with the regime, while the unskilled or semi-skilled workers are less attached, and the collective farmers and forced laborers are disaffected elements. Other strains are the resentments of Moscow control on the part of the intelligentsia of the non-Russian nationalities—"incipient Titoism"—which could become disruptive, however, only under conditions of military disaster. Some Soviet practices—such as public ownership of basic industries—command approval even from defectors from Communism.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Mr. Big."

HENCE, the overall conclusion drawn from this picture is that the regime is able to command the loyalty of its subjects and internal opposition cannot become effective short of a major crisis of leadership or Soviet defeat in war. As to who or what is succeeding Stalin, Mr. Fainsod offers only the suggestion that in case of a weak successor or divided committee rule the competing aspirations of Party, police, army, and bureaucracy "may be suspended in an uneasy equilibrium or come into sharp conflict." While some of these propositions may be disputed, the conclusions as a

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whole are cautious, balanced, and eminently sound.

On the debit side of the study is Mr. Fainsod's concentration on the power aspects of the Russian Government with a disdain for theory and a disregard of the judicial system, federalism, the Union Republic, local Soviets and other mass institutions, as mere window dressing. To begin with, even a regime with efficient instruments of terror must cloak its power so as to give it a semblance of legitimacy. The "manner of political thinking" of the power-wielders is of distinct importance in understanding the "living political process" of the Soviet Union. The rulers of the Kremlin are unquestionably power-hungry Machiavellians, but they are also politicians with purposes, aims, and values, and the legends they weave offer valuable clues to their nature and motivations. Moreover, since these rulers seek to gain authority through the psycho-political fabric of elections, local Soviets, a pseudo-federal system, street and block committees, etc., these institutions can hardly be excluded from a treatise on government in Russia on the ground that they are a mere facade for the Party. The end product of policy is usually determined by the nature of its execution. And, while the mass institutions are engaged in execution rather than formulation of policy, one needs perhaps no better illustration than Fainsod's own illuminating discussion of the role of a Party secretary in a factory to demonstrate that no distinct line separates politics from administration, least of all in a totalitarian state.

Yet despite these shortcomings this reviewer would highly recommend Mr. Fainsod's book as a powerful spotlight on the most challenging phenomenon of our days.

Notes

THE FRENCH SINCE THE WAR: The instability of French Governments and the conservative rigidity of French political attitudes, whether of Right, Left, or Center, are complementary facts which point up the futility of trying to understand recent French politics in exclusively political or psychological terms. To break the tight circle of motive and machination it is necessary to draw on the resources of history and economics: to recognize, for instance, that the French fear of strong, positive government is, in large measure, the heritage of a vanished age—that of the Second Empire and the troubled early years of the Third Republic; and that the false

(*Continued on page* 42)

The Golden Roman Twilight

"Byzantine Painting," by André Grabar (translated by Stuart Gilbert. Skira. 201 pp. $20), offers 105 full-color reproductions of the art that flourished from the fifth century with Constantinople as its center, together with a scholarly text appraising them historically and critically. Our reviewer, Professor Emerson H. Swift of Columbia University, is the author of "Roman Sources of Christian Art," and other works.

By Emerson H. Swift

ONE of the most encouraging signs that America has at length grown up in matters of art is the rising popularity of a new type of art book whose importance is even yet not grasped by our reading public. This revolutionary and inspiring sort of publication is no longer, as quite recently was the case, a mere picture book nicely illustrated in color with a chatty commentary on facing pages. Instead it now presents, in addition to full-page plates produced in glowing color by the most advanced modern methods, an adult and readable text from the pen of a recognized scholar, whose discussion, free from the specialized jargon of the professional art critic, nevertheless embodies the finest fruits of contemporary opinion and research. The lead for distinguished books of this nature falls easily to a new series, "The Great Centuries of Painting," planned and produced by Albert Skira of Geneva, of which the latest volume, "Byzantine Painting," certainly tops the list. Here the color plates, ranging in size from full-page reproductions of great mosaics to small vignettes of exquisite details from illuminated manuscripts, are beyond description magnificent, revealing works for the most part unknown and never before photographed. The book, in fact, comprises no less than a hundred of the finest extant specimens of the art of the Eastern Empire, each photographed directly by a corps of skilled technicians in the course of a six-thousand mile journey to the scattered centers in Greece, Turkey, Jugoslavia, and Italy where these masterpieces still exist.

Although the sumptuous reproductions are first to strike the eye and remain a visual feast which is practically inexhaustible, the discerning, solid, yet never ponderous discussion of this glowing art by André Grabar of the Collège de France serves effectively to present the scheme of esthetic criticism and scholarly theory into which these frescoes, mosaics, enamels, and panel icons fit. Since, however, this material is generally less familiar than that of other major periods, Professor Grabar first explains the significance and scope of Byzantine art, then traces in chronological sequence the varied phases of its development. I say "development" advisedly—not evolution—because, except for the first golden age of four centuries when its styles, as seen in the magnificent church mosaics of Ravenna, Rome, Milan, and Salonica, did indeed evolve in orderly progress from the colorful art of the pagan Roman Empire, we have rather to do with a strange alternation of stylistic phases brought about by the clash of East and West. Hence it is only from the ninth century onward, after Iconoclasm, that the distinctive features of the art whose chief center was Constantine's city on the Bosporus can be distinguished with any certainty.

THIS period, justly called the second golden age, opens with the gravely impressive "Christ Enthroned," which, together with other superb groups and single figures, has been brought to light through American efforts in the imperial church of St. Sophia. Including also the austere cycles of religious scenes in the Nea Moni of Chios, in the monastic church of Daphni near Athens, in the more familiar masterpieces of St. Mark's at Venice and those at Palermo and Cefalù in Sicily, it closes in 1204 when Constantinople was sacked by the Latin freebooters of the Fourth Crusade. These works, and others of lesser note in manuscripts and later frescoes, reveal peculiar clashes and discrepancies easy to mark in Constantinople itself, in the Near East, and in Italy. Thus, for example, in the eleventh-century mosaics of the Nea

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—*From "Byzantine Painting."*

"Abraham Entertaining the Angels" (fourteenth century); an icon from the Benaki Museum, Athens.

Moni we can at length discern a truly oriental style, clearly revealed in the harsh colors and heavy abstract drawing of "Christ in the Descent Into Limbo." On the other hand, the esthetic highpoints throughout these later and specifically Byzantine phases of painting seem invariably to be marked by a series of "classic revivals," in each of which occurs a throwback, more or less marked, to one or another of the more naturalistic and harmonious styles of the late antique. The beauty and freshness of these revivalist styles, derivative as they are, appear unmistakably in the murals of Castelseprio, in the mosaics of Daphni and St. Mark's, in the many frescoes of Jugoslav churches, and even in the late mosaics of the Kahrieh Djami at Istanbul.

Thus, although for the connoisseur the fascination of Byzantine painting resides in its mingling of traditional Western with unassimilated oriental factors, its charm for the layman rests securely in its magnificent sense of design and sonorously vibrant colors. The enduring contribution of the present volume is, however, its exposition of Byzantine esthetic—a system which, in its reliance on abstraction and the use of pure color and in its recurrent bias against classic naturalism, anticipates—sometimes in a really startling fashion—the art of the twentieth century.

Sand and Trapezoids

"Modern Painting," by Maurice Raynal *(Skira. 339 pp. $25), offers through text and 200 color reproductions the story of Western painting from 1884 to the present. Here it is reviewed by Robert Goldwater, professor of fine arts at Queens College, New York City, and author of "Modern Art in Your Life" and other works.*

By Robert Goldwater

As every schoolboy knows, it is easier to make a list than a map. Ask him who were the kings, or even the Presidents, of France and he will be able to rattle off a list. Ask him what was happening in Italy, or in England or Spain, while Henry IV ruled and he is at a loss. Our historical sense, so strongly conditioned to sequence and development, responds less adequately to the simultaneous. Yet things do happen at more or less the same time, whether separated or in conjunction, and we believe they are somehow connected.

In this spirit Maurice Raynal has written "Modern Painting," the latest of Albert Skira's sumptuous volumes. It tells the story of modern painting from 1884 to the present in 300 pages of continuous chronology, an almost year-by-year account that brings together events that happened together, whether or not they belonged to the same stylistic sequence. This system has its advantages, especially since this is visual history with two hundred large color plates and numerous double folds that literally allow us to see, and so perhaps to understand, a great many things at once. It produces revealing and unexpected juxtapositions: the Seurat and Cézanne retrospectives, Matisse's "Luxe, Calme et Volupté," and Picasso's "Young Ladies of Avignon" all within two years of each other and so all seen together; the fauves with early Picasso (1904-05), Delaunay with Kandinsky, de Chirico and Chagall (1910-11), Modigliani with Juan Gris (1916), Bonnard with Braque (1935). Similar double-double spreads provide miniature museums in which pictures of a single style or artist can be compared and enjoyed at a glance: Van Gogh, Matisse, early cubism, expressionism, Paul Klee, and others.

All these are great virtues, and they make for an attractive and instructive book of modern painting. The fauve and cubist sections are especially well documented and illustrated, and from both pictures and text we feel the relation and interplay of important movements and powerful personalities. It is indicative of Mr. Raynal's

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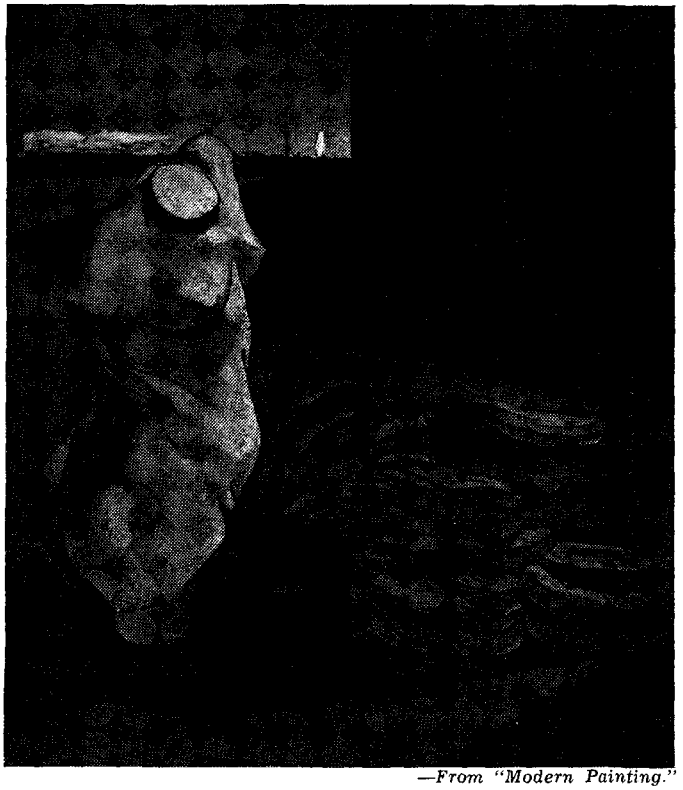
taste that in a book covering some seventy years the period 1900-1918 should occupy half the volume. What precedes 1900 is well reviewed in the spirit of an introduction, but the events following 1918 are necessarily then telescoped, while the period 1939 to 1953 is allotted only thirty-five pages.

FROM Mr. Raynal's point of view this is perhaps as it should be. He writes as one who since 1900 has been an intimate of the Parisian scene, a friend of Picasso and Braque in the Bateau Lavoir on Montmartre, and of Léger, Lipchitz, Laurens, and Chagall living in La Ruche on the left bank beyond Montparnasse. It is thus but natural that for him the early years of the century are the heroic years, and that he should view the achievements of younger men with less immediate sympathy. He expounds best, too, when he writes from his personally charged reminiscence, conveying the feeling and flavor of the ideas and ambitions of the friends of his youth.

It is hardly necessary to say that such an approach carries with it not only shifts of emphasis which are perhaps an author's prerogative (although highly doubtful as reporting), but also extremely personal interpretations and inaccuracies which can only confuse the reader. It is obvious that Mr. Raynal, from having lived within the making of modern art, writes with a warmth too often lacking in more external historians, and this is worth a good deal to the beginner. But precisely because he writes as an insider Mr. Raynal (whose text is in this sense very uneven) often deals in too stenographic a manner with details comprehensible only to the informed reader but of great interest to him and worthy of more accurate and careful treatment. And one could wish that he had not so often been so obviously constrained to limit his text to fit a scheme and a format.

The plates, although there are so many of them, are limited in the same way. A book of this character becomes economically possible only through the use of some already existing color plates, and the Skira house can draw from a large stock. But it is too bad that many pictures essential to a review of modern painting should be missing. (Why, for example, no important Seurat or Redon, no key Léger or Gris, no "Guernica" or "Chapel at Vence"?)

There is in this book a wealth of esthetic enjoyment and historical information. The physical and intellectual effort which went into its production were immense. Yet one regrets that a publisher and an author who had it in their power to make so much more nearly ideal and balanced survey of twentieth-century painting did not make that extra effort.



—From "Modern Painting."

"The Uncertainty of the Poet" (1913), by Giorgio de Chirico.

Land of the Dragon

"The Sacred Oasis," by Irene Vongehr Vincent *(University of Chicago Press. 115 pp. $3), records an arduous journey to a remote desert section of China to study the six-century-old paintings depicting Buddhist scenes on the walls of fifty grottoes. Below it is reviewed by Langdon Warner, who directed two China expeditions for the Fogg Museum at Harvard.*

By Langdon Warner

ADMIRABLY written, printed, and illustrated, "The Sacred Oasis," by Irene Vongehr Vincent, is far more than the record of an intrepid young American searching out the painted grottoes at the far inland end of the Great Wall of China. Her difficulties in crossing China by casual planes and disintegrating busses and by pony are made light of but they nevertheless called for great fixity of purpose and indefatigable pressing on alone. It is surely more acute misery to ride balanced on a heap of luggage for days and weeks over those indescribable roads than to slog ahead, as did the travelers twenty years ago, by springless carts practising a blessed numbing patience for months stretching into years.

It would be a singularly obtuse reader of Mrs. Vincent's book who could ask why she entered on the adventure. The very idea of scores of grottoes cut out from a rock cliff vividly painted with Buddhist scenes from the fourth century through the Middle Ages is reason enough for any young scholar to start such a trek. They raise a thousand different questions which even the most erudite Chinese scholars cannot begin to answer. What were the techniques of wallpainting that have stood so nobly for thirteen centuries although they were not fresco? Could the pigments have been made at that tiny oasis or were they fetched by caravan from China or across the deserts of Central Asia up from India? What about the variations of the Buddha legends so vividly drawn on the walls? Were all the pictures made by outlanders brought along the trade route, as some undoubtedly were? How were the great and little chapels made use of at a desert oasis which today supports only a few dozen families and is visited only by an occasional stray Mongol and the cart caravans bring-

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Man and His Walks

—From "The Best of Two Worlds."

"The Best of Two Worlds," by Joseph Wood Krutch *(William Sloane Assoc. 171 pp. $3), and* ***"Round River: From the Journals of Aldo Leopold," edited by Luna B. Leopold*** *(Oxford University Press. 173 pp. $3), are examples of the contemplative writing men often do when close to the soil, the first the work of a cityman at large in the country, the latter the jottings of a countryman roaming the land he knows and loves best. Below they are reviewed by Louis J. Halle, Jr., author of "Birds Against Men" and "Spring in Washington."*

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

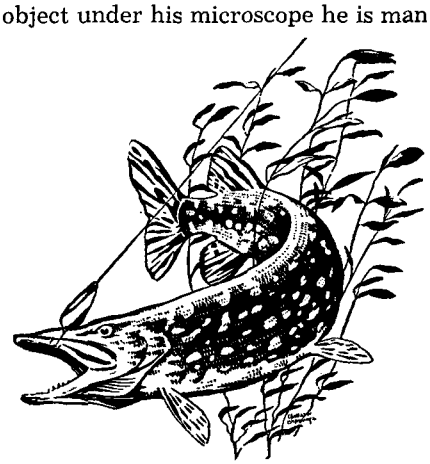
FRANCIS LEE JAQUES once observed that a man who paints a river scene may be honored as a "landscape painter," but let him add a couple of ducks and he becomes merely a "bird painter." From that moment he belongs to the "bird lovers" and the art critics will have no more to do with him.

In the last chapter of "The Best of Two Worlds," his new "nature book," Joseph Wood Krutch comments similarly on the distinction implied by the term "nature writing." One would think that nature was remote from normal experience, a specialized subject to be understood only by one of those hobby groups like the collectors of match boxes. Dr. Krutch, who is learned in these matters, could probably tell us whether in the days of Emerson and Thoreau a distinction was made, as it is today, between the one as a "writer" and the other as a "nature writer." Those of us who deplore the tendency of our times to substitute nouns for serviceable adjectives (as "trade policy" for "commercial policy") are defeated by "nature writer," if only because the term implies the opposite of "natural writer." Dr. Krutch is an unnatural writer.

The critics and the public, however, are missing what is behind the label in many "nature books," no less than the art critics miss the landscape which includes ducks. Here in disguise is where the tradition of Michel de Montaigne is still carried on today; in disguise because the speculative personal essay, as everyone thinks, died with the Victorian Age and would not be suitable for the public of our day. A publisher will publish as a "nature book" for the classified audience what he would not think of publishing simply as a collection of discursive essays for natural minds. Even that prince of New Yorkers E. B. White had to establish a residence in Maine and pass his naturalist's test before he could publish a book of personal essays.

Although the best of Dr. Krutch's "two worlds" may be the country, he is essentially a man of the city. The country is where he has gone to indulge a contemplative habit, and the impression he gives, by protesting the contrary, is that he has gone to it in the spirit of one who dons a diving helmet and visits the bottom of the sea. In his first chapter, which is an apologia for indulging such a taste at all, he appears to assume that his reader is one of those normal specimens of humanity who, as such, inhabits the only natural world for men, that of New York City. By defending himself where no one but a New Yorker would think a defense necessary he betrays his identity.

Everything Dr. Krutch writes makes good reading because it shows a fine, informed, and thoughtful mind playing over the tragicomedy of mortal life. He is incomparable when focusing on some small external object in nature, a frog or a beetle or a frost flower. The smaller the object, it seems, the larger the implications to his mind, which recreates the cosmos out of a grain of sand. It is only when he has a large indefinite subject or a subject internal to himself that his world somehow diminishes. With an object under his microscope he is man confronting the universe; but when he surveys the vastness directly or considers his own tastes he is *Literatus novayorkensis*. For one who prefers the larger Krutch this third "nature book" belongs midway between "The Twelve Seasons," his first and best, and "The Desert Year."



—From "Round River."

THE late Aldo Leopold, unlike Dr. Krutch, was a countryman who would more likely have felt the need of explaining what took him to town. The land was, more than an avocation, a vocation for him. He had one of those creative minds that leave human society with new conceptions of the world it inhabits, his particular contribution being to ecology, that "unified field theory" which regards the land as a total environment within which each organism, so far from being separable, has its unique meaning and propriety. Uproot a flower and the whole environment must readjust or be debased. He had vision, like that of the doctor in Chekov's "Uncle Vanya": "He plants a tree and is already seeing what will follow from it in a thousand years. . . ." The expression of this vision especially in the last part of "Sand County Almanac" (1949), remains memorable.

Leopold also was a personality, devoted to the natural earth, loving the unroofed, moved by a sense of what is beautiful in a world which was created out-of-doors. Consequently his notes and the diary he kept on his camping trips, now published as "Round River" in a posthumous selection by his son, Luna B. Leopold, cannot be without interest.

Much of "Round River," however, presents the problem of so many journals that people keep merely as aids to their own memory, which is the irrelevance of their factual notations to the needs of the detached reader. "A cold night" ". . . saw a big, light-red deer on a rocky point." "Rain today." These are like a painter's notes for a picture he has in mind but hasn't painted. Interspersed, however, are a few completed pictures of great loveliness and poignancy—"The Lily" and "Blue River," for example—and speculative notes that represent substantial fragments of the vision more fully presented in "Sand County Almanac."

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Children's Children

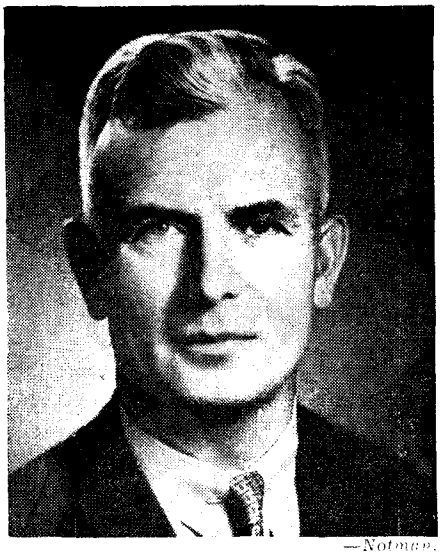
"Sex and the Nature of Things," by N. J. Berrill *(Dodd, Mead, 256 pp. $3.50), the work of a biologist with a literary flair, shows how the reproductive urge keeps cropping up in all forms of life, from brown algae to modern man. Carroll Lane Fenton, who reviews it here, is the author of "Our Living World" and other volumes.*

By Carroll Lane Fenton

ALMOST everyone talks about sex, but only biologists seem able to say much that is new. They, being research workers, often restrict their remarks to such subjects as the gonads of fish, the hormones of rabbits, and the breeding habits of deer or salamanders.

There is nothing inherently wrong in this; research reports are bound to deal with the creatures investigated. But those of us who do not read such reports (and that includes everyone not a specialist in the field of each one) need an up-to-date synthesis if we are to keep abreast of the times and avoid faulty generalizations based on fragments of information. Since the subject is more serious than sensational, we also ask that the synthesis be written by a qualified author.

This need has been met in "Sex and the Nature of Things" by N. J. Berrill, an embryologist with ideas who also is an able writer. Beginning with ancient misconceptions and modern brown algae, he traces the development of sexual reproduction.



—Notman.

N. J. Berrill—"embryologist with ideas."

The story is one of ever-increasing specialization in which the business of making new animals and plants has been subordinated to variation, while interrelations have multiplied. Professor Berrill reminds us that reproduction goes on very well without sex cells, and that sperms and eggs do not demand that living things be divided into males and females. But the former limits variation, while absence of sexes is inconsistent with varied ways of life under what often are very difficult conditions. These disadvantages are overcome by sex, but creatures adopting it have been forced to provide complex controls within their bodies and have made delicate adjustments to the world in which they live. The former are accomplished by nervous reactions as well as hormones, whose orderly action is one of the marvels of physiology. The latter are illustrated by birds that come from a third of the earth to nest on small islands, where they arrive at the same time and in proper condition for mating.

Even man, the most wilful of animals, has been compelled to adapt his ways and balance his hormones to a type of sexual reproduction that normally brings forth one slowly developing child at a time. His family life is the outgrowth of a pituitary secretion, and some of his laws attempt to overcome the effect of upright posture on the mechanism of mating. Sex is an all-pervasive factor, and creatures that combine manual dexterity with erect bodies and substantial brain power also have multiplied the adjustments needed to make sex work.

Prayer of the Young Stoic

(Rome, Second Century A.D.)

By Stephen P. Dunn

BODILESS, nameless God,
Forgive me my mankind—
That I am not a clod
Or dust upon the wind.

Forgive me that I weep
For what you may not save,
Or strive to overleap
The black gap of the grave.

My shivering spirit shrinks
From cold, demanding glory
And, stooping earthward, drinks
From warm old wells of story.

Oh Universe, forgive
My folly, fear, and pain;
With thee I cannot live,
And turn from thee—in vain.

Why Spiders?

"The Web of Life," by John H. Storer *(Devin-Adair. 144 pp. $3), offers in brief compass an introduction to ecology, that science concerned with the relationships of living organisms and their environment. Below it is reviewed by Edwin Way Teale, author of "The Circle of the Seasons" and other works on nature.*

By Edwin Way Teale

WILL ROGERS once observed that we are all ignorant; we are just ignorant about different things. It is a curious fact that one of the things the world at large is most ignorant about is the web of life of which every man is a part. Whether he realizes it or not, his welfare is linked with a host of things remote and dimly understood. It is linked with the water supply of grazing lands a thousand miles away, for as much as 5,000 pounds of water go into making grass sufficient to produce one pound of beef. It is linked with the swift erosion of fields, for nature takes something like 500 years to create one inch of fertile top soil. It is linked even with the welfare of bacteria, for a single acre of good soil may contain 5,600 pounds of bacteria important to the health of the land.

John H. Storer, previously known primarily through his wild-life moving pictures and his studies of birds in flight, has produced in "The Web of Life" a concise and lucid introduction to ecology. Its pages underscore the complexity of all the interdependences and interrelationships that create what we commonly call the balance of nature.

Many men have dreamed of remolding the world nearer to the heart's desire by eliminating this or that thread of nature's web. Ralph Waldo Emerson envisioned his perfect world as devoid of spiders. Others have wished for a world without mosquitoes, without mice, without snakes, without bacteria, without a hundred other strands in the complex life about which Mr. Storer writes. But, as check or aid, each element of the whole plays its part. The rabbits that thin and prune the forest; the gophers that plow and loosen the prairie soil; the rye grass that may thrust out an amazing total of three miles of roots in a single day; the humus-rich soil that can hold more than one-third its bulk in water; the brown thrasher that scratches in the fallen leaves, and the warbler that combs the tree-top

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The Saturday Review

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The Reviewer's Function

THIRTY years ago Virginia Woolf in an essay on criticism wrote that two critics in complete agreement about Milton and Keats will inevitably come to blows when they discuss the work of contemporary writers. Is there no guidance, she asks, for a reader who yields to none in reverence for the dead, but is tormented by the suspicion that reverence for the dead is vitally connected with understanding of the living. Though she was certainly one of the most sensitive critics of her time, she was modest enough to assert, "Reviewers, yes; but we have no critics; a million competent and incorruptible policemen but no judge."

In the years that have passed since Mrs. Woolf wrote "How It Strikes a Contemporary" American creative writing has passed through its renaisance of the Twenties and early Thirties and is still mildly intoxicated with its after-effects. During the process of dehydration resulting from the Depression and the Second World War contemporary poetry in any popular sense of the word has become almost a lost art, lost at least to the public, which cannot understand what the younger poets are writing about. There are innumerable novelists who are writing as if the world was about to come to an end, failing to recall that every generation has had its fears of imminent catastrophe. Readers have become used to, and even bored with, novels which are not founded on a set of recognizable human beings but on a series of increasingly violent or erotic events. In the majority of these novels they may not be able to recall after a few days the names of the characters or remember them with any affection; but they are not apt to forget the lynching, the murder, the rape, the perverse act, and the neuroticism and terror which may pervade the entire volume.

A great critic is certainly more difficult to find in the present time than in a generation or two ago. It is the business of the critic to evaluate and create some order and sense out of the literature of his own generation. It is also his function to restore or bring to life neglected and misunderstood writers. Melville's "Moby Dick" was recognized as a work of genius by American critics many years after his death, and then only after English critics had set up a hue and cry about that forgotten man. William Faulkner had better luck. While our own book reviewers and the public were hesitating about the value of his work, to such an extent that in 1947 only three or four of his novels were in print, French and Scandinavian critics were calling him our most creative and most significant writer.

Should a great critic miraculously appear "how," to quote Mrs. Woolf again, "should we maintain him, on what should we feed him?" Failing to find one with the temerity to survey the daily battle of books, contemporary writers must put up with book reviewers and editors who weed out the dull and the mediocre and attempt at the close of every year to turn chaos into some kind of order. If the reviewer of *The New Yorker* should stick a stiletto into the breast of a new writer the *New York Herald Tribune*, *The New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, or *The Saturday Review* might heal the wound and reestablish the writer's confidence.

THE multiplicity of reviews serves as a public-opinion poll on which authors and publishers must depend. The reviewer's words of praise or enthusiastic approval form the basis of the structure erected by the author, the publisher, and the reviewer, for the author must be supported in his lonely and hazardous task by the publisher, and both must have the encouragement of the reviewer, whose final function it is to send the public into the bookstores. In the book-reviewing profession today there seems to be no room for rancor or bad temper. There has appeared no contemporary substitute for the often vituperative H. L. Mencken during the years when he was editing *American Mercury*. Nevertheless, the pressure of concerted opinion has a formidable effect on the fortunes of writers and publishers. When the public has read three or four enthusiastic reviews it is apt to murmur those golden words "I must buy that book."

The constant reviewer must, if he takes his task seriously, look for a trend in changing tides of literature. If the present absorption in violence and psychiatry is turning toward a more wholesome attitude toward life he will manage to make his opinions known in his reviews. If the majority of sound reviewers are with him he can in some measure be instrumental in changing the course of creative writing. He can be both a guide and a mentor, though he is apt to become insufferably dull if he takes himself too seriously. No one likes to be lectured by an anonymous book reviewer, who would doubtless write a worse novel than the one he is reviewing even if he had the talent to do so. It is perhaps admirable that no single reviewer today has the ability to dominate contemporary criticism, for the final arbiter is the public, which has the power to change its opinions.

But the reviewer's function most satisfactory to himself and to author and publisher alike is the discovery of a new writer who shows a rare talent for creation or a new conception or manner of revealing human lives or the world that lies around us. It happens two or three times a year; and when it does it is an occasion for rejoicing and a justification of all the writers who are toiling to express themselves and who find in this miraculous event a meaning for their lives. —H. S.

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NOURISHMENT FOR NONCONFORMIST

THE FIRST REPORT TO AMERICA, "Industry and the Liberal Arts" (*SR* Nov. 21), was an opening up of the most serious problem in American life. If teachers in liberal arts colleges (I was one for twelve years) would read and understand what William H. Whyte, Jr. is saying we might yet save ourselves from the horrors of "life adjustment." Even if leaders of industry do not understand what he is saying colleges can do a great deal to keep the nonconformist nourished. Whether they will or not remains to be seen. I for one am worried by the eager attempts to prove that more liberal arts studies result in "better executives."

ISABEL MCL. STEPHENS.

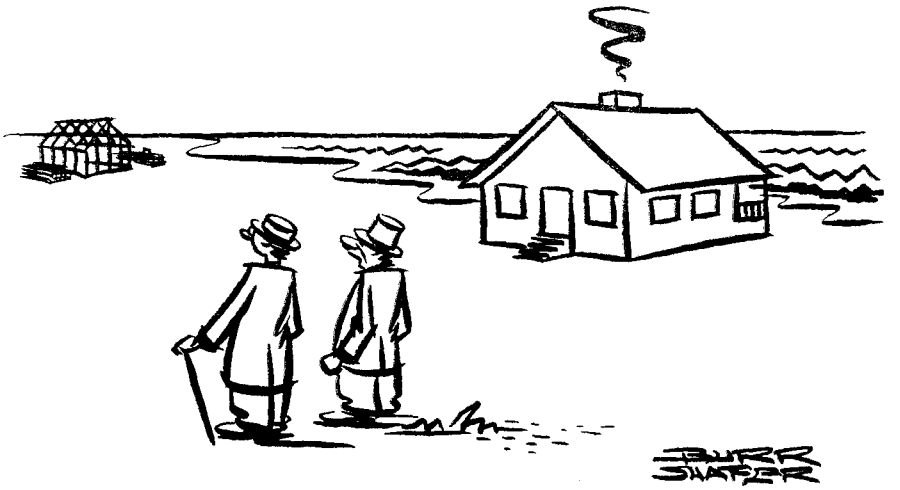
S. Woodstock, Vt.

ILLIBERAL LIBERALITY

THERE IS NOTHING WRONG with a liberal arts education except that it is frequently illiberal. Exponents of the "liberal arts way" always use the term "broad" to describe their program and assign "narrow" to more specialized programs. The whole idea that only liberal arts provides a real education, which is the general thesis of pleaders for this system, is itself indicative of a highly illiberal point of view. What actually do the so-called liberal arts colleges do? They specialize in academic subjects. . . . The somewhat recent development of survey courses, courses in Western civilization and general studies may help to make the college curricula more "broad," but they are still not looked on too fondly by a majority of college professors because they are not the disciplines they prefer to teach from their own highly (or narrowly if you prefer) specialized backgrounds. Then, too, the liberal arts' claim of being broader seems too much like the claim that certain cigarettes make about being milder. Every intellectual looks askance at the claim "milder" and expects answers to "than what? how? why?" However, he nods sagely at the equally carelessly used "broader."

Sometimes the liberal arts seem to some of us to be merely vague and confused. Whyte of *Fortune* is distressed because liberal arts should train men to be different, to damn the torpedoes and go full speed ahead, but Brown of Standard Oil wants liberal arts because it teaches men to get along with one another. This dichotomy of aim is, unfortunately, not absent in the liberal arts curricula.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing magic about a liberal arts curriculum or any other. For some people one type of education is excellent, for another the same courses are poison. Fortunately, it is not true that, as the liberal arts colleges sometimes seem to believe, you can be a good citizen only with a liberal arts education. It is even possible to become well educated without a bachelor's degree of any kind. . . .



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Good Heavens—building right on top of us! What's to become of Coney Island at this rate?"

A liberal arts education is a valuable experience for anyone equipped to pursue it and profit from his pursuit. It is not necessarily better than other types of education, only different. As a product of liberal arts education and a leader, of sorts, in specialized higher education, I can see no valid objections to complaints about overspecialization. But when the liberal arts colleges talk about their own program as being broad and every other as being narrow they put themselves in an unenviable position, for they are as specialized as anyone except where through too much use of the free-elective system they are merely vague. There is, admittedly, a difference in their specialization, but building narrow corridors in another house does not give those corridors more breadth. At any rate, man does not live for breadth alone and surely not on it.

If in all areas of education we could get together to assist one another to build equally esteemed educational programs for all our different types of people instead of using snake-oil selling techniques for our own particular brands of education, we should have made great strides forward in providing a better education for all our people. That this may be done through better planned educational programs of all types, with greater cooperation and understanding among so-called liberal and technical colleges and schools, is evident. There is no cure-all in education; if the liberal arts colleges would stop making this claim and improve their product, and if we who are in specialized institutions would recognize more completely that we are educating men who have the advantage of a technical competence and that we must not merely produce technicians, we would all be happier and wiser. If industry discovered that our colleges were doing these things we would also be wealthier.

That seems to me the crux of the problem of industry-education relationships.

BERTRAND W. HAYWARD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

NEGLECTED POINTS

"INDUSTRY AND THE LIBERAL ARTS" was a very stimulating report. It appears, however, that most of the articles neglected some important points.

As one who has graduated from a liberal arts college and is now in the field of industrial management, permit me to comment. First, I do not believe that a major in English or history qualifies a man to assume a role in industry more successfully than a major in physics or chemistry. The factors contributing to success in any given plant (aside from the purely technical aspects) depend on many intangibles: the atmosphere prevailing intramurally, the relationship of all employes with one another and with the "boss," the particular standards the company has accepted, etc. It is axiomatic that what is considered leadership and cooperation in one plant can lead to friction in another.

Second, unless one follows his college years with further reading and study, his training in the liberal arts will greatly diminish in value. . . .

The *sine qua non* of our present industrial setup is the ability to work together with one's associates on both the horizontal and vertical planes of the job. The multitude of interacting factors which determine each person's total makeup varies greatly from individual to individual. I seriously question the ability of the liberal arts to effect personality changes should these be required, or to make a better production manager out of the former student of medieval scholasticism.

BROOK GIRSHICK.

Stamford, Conn.

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Seeing Things

EUGENE O'NEILL: 1888-1953

SINCLAIR LEWIS was speaking, and his speech was heard round the literary world. He was in Stockholm that December in 1930, addressing the Swedish Academy as the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature. American authors were very much on his mind, and, if what he had to say about them enraged some, it delighted more. His statements were heated with strong convictions; the sulphur of sarcasm was in his words. He was doing two jobs at once. At the same time that he was gleefully burying some of our more venerable and genteel writers who were guilty of the common error of thinking they were living merely because they were alive, he was championing those Americans whose vital merits he thought entitled them to the award he had won. Among these was Eugene O'Neill.

Said he, "And had you chosen Mr. Eugene O'Neill, who has done nothing much in American drama save to transform it utterly, in ten or twelve years, from a false world of neat and competent trickery to a world of splendor and fear and greatness, you would have been reminded that he has done something far worse than scoffing—he has seen life as not to be neatly arranged in the study of a scholar but as a terrifying, magnificent, and often quite horrible thing akin to the tornado, the earthquake, the devastating fire."

There were those at the time, though not many, who jeered at such an estimate of O'Neill. Three years later there were those whose jeers were louder when the Swedish Academy did choose to honor him with the Nobel Prize. But today there are few with any real knowledge of the theatre or of O'Neill's work who would question the essence of Sinclair Lewis's evaluation or the rightness of the Swedish Academy's choice.

As a dramatist the position he occupied was unique, and so was his contribution. He stood alone—magnificently alone—having neither rivals nor equals. This is why his dying is like having a towering volcanic island slip overnight into the swallowing sea.

To be sure, he did not transform our stage "utterly" into a world of splendor or drive out all of its tricksters or save it from its falsities. No theatre in any age or country has ever been without its frauds, its hacks, and cheap artificers, and no individual, including Shakespeare, has ever completely silenced them. But O'Neill when at his best, and always by his example even when at his worst, did endow the American stage with a dignity, an honesty, an importance, and a glory which it had not possessed before.

He saw his job as a big one, and attacked it in a big way, having only contempt for those playwrights who, because they were "simply scribbling around on the surface of things," had "no more real status than a parlor entertainer." The large themes, the great and beckoning themes, no matter how somber, how difficult, or how monumentally treated, became more and more his concern. O'Neill may not have handled them satisfactorily in this play or that, but it was for them that he reached again and again with a dauntlessness unmatched by any other dramatist of his time. Passion did not frighten him or violence appal him, and he dealt with the upheavals in the lives of his characters in the tumultuous terms described by Sinclair Lewis.

SURELY no finer definition can be found of a serious writer's function than that given unwittingly by King Lear when, in one of the most beautiful of all Shakespearean speeches, he says to Cordelia after they have been captured, "We'll . . . take upon's the mystery of things as if we were God's spies." It was the mystery of things that O'Neill dared to take upon himself as a dramatist, and it was as one of God's spies that he was bold enough to observe the anguishes of his characters and pry into their darkest secrets.

The blind are not limited to those who cannot see. There are people blessed with sight who might just as well be blind since they see so little. There are others who make liars of their eyes by permitting them to see only what they want seen. The pleasant, the comforting, the pretty, the surface things, the world reduced to postcard hues, all bright, shiny, and shadowless—these and these only will they face. The depths and the shadows they avoid. Their fear of what they might see, if they had the courage to look, forces them to close their eyes on the mysteries of life.

Fortunately, O'Neill was made of sterner stuff and his faith was greater. He did not shrink from looking upon

—Culver. —Keystone. Ben Pinchot.

Eugene O'Neill through the years—". . . endow[ed] the American stage with a dignity, an honesty, an importance, a glory . . ."

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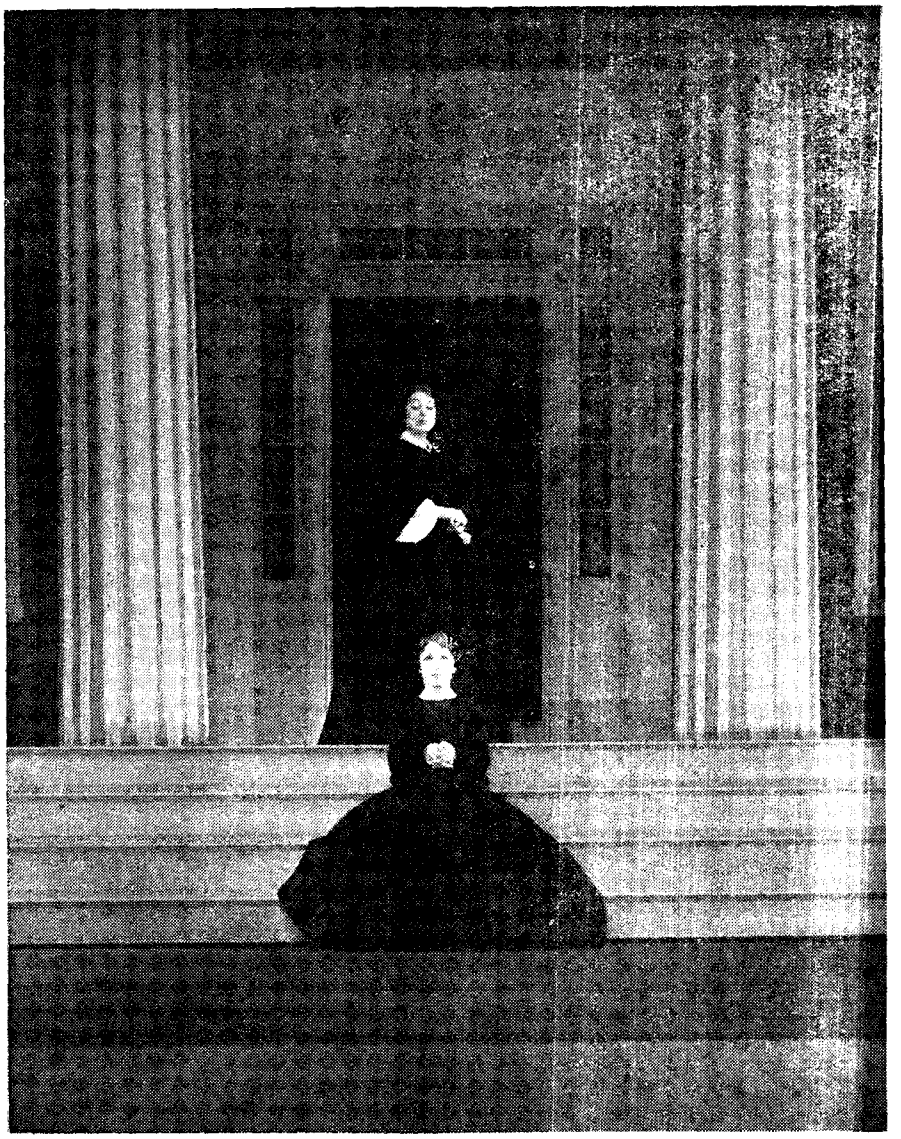

Scene from "Mourning Becomes Electra" "great and beckoning themes."

the Medusa's head and was not turned to stone because of having done so. He had the vision of the tragic dramatist, and hence knew the beauty ugliness can yield and the spiritual splendors which are the fruits of great pain greatly suffered.

It was odd that the leading tragic dramatist of our times should have been an American. To have Melpomene find shelter in Pollyanna's home was strange indeed, because we are not a people whose view of life is tragic. Laughter is supposed to be our affair and optimism a proof of our youth and our resilience. Yet the fact remains that no modern playwright in any country has been so tormented and inspired by such a true and persistent sense of the tragic as was O'Neill. He had to outgrow the tawdry irony of his first one-acts, put bathos behind him, and learn to control the melodramatist within him, who always imperiled his work, before he could write with the high intensity he achieved in "Desire Under the Elms" and even more especially in the first two parts of "Mourning Becomes Electra."

O'NEILL'S earliest one-acts were crude and sorry affairs, guignols bad enough to encourage the most discouraged of beginners. Bad as they were, however, they already betrayed one of the qualities of O'Neill's writing which was to set his work apart from that of all his contemporaries. His characters were not merely in conflict with one another. They were at war with the agents controlling their destiny, and these agents were not indifferent to them. This link between mortals and forces shaping their lives was the mighty concern which gave a kind of majesty to the feeblest and the poorest of his plays.

Few dramatists of O'Neill's impor-

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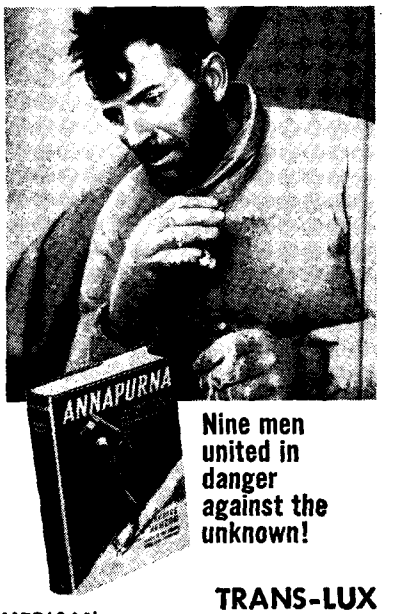

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tance wrote more unevenly than he. Few capable of soaring so high sank more often into the mires of the pretentious or the mediocre. The pity was that, though he possessed the tragic vision, he did not command the poet's tongue. Able as he was to feel and plan great scenes, he was unable to write the speeches which would have made them great as literature.

This does not mean that he did not contribute greatly to the theatre of his time. He did. No one was a more fearless innovator than he. No one cared less for success. No one stretched the medium farther, tried so many forms, or was so bold in forcing the theatre to do what he wanted it to do. Among recent playwrights only Shaw enjoyed and deserved such pre-eminence.

If O'Neill wrote tragedies, he lived them, too. His own life was in many ways more tragic than the most tragic of his plays. The suicide of a son, his reported estrangement from his daughter when she married Chaplin, the hard struggle of his early days, his gradual withdrawal from the world, his long torture with Parkinson's disease, the loneliness of his last years, and his ultimate inability to write at all—these would have crushed less hardy spirits. But O'Neill had something of the titan in him. It was this titan's spirit which gave such drive and strength to the mightiest of his plays and which was unmistakable in the weakest of them. It was the quality which most distinguished his work and because of which he so distinguished our theatre, endowing it with an excitement, a significance, and a splendor it had not known before and is not apt to know soon again.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Persons

By Witter Bynner

THE earth is personal
to one who knows
Its veins of sunrise
and of afterglows.
The sky is personal
and will attend
The ailing earth,
as friend comes to friend,
Or will strangely buffet
or will hold aloof
Until there be a final
need of proof.
But toward these intimates,
do what he can,
There lives a tragic
awkwardness in man.

1939 Revisited

—Fred Fehl.

Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn—"a deal to make everyone cut loose."

THE LATE Sidney Howard's "Madam Will You Walk" is full of the flavor that prevailed in the theatre shortly before World War II. It was a period in which playwrights were reacting against mass ideologies, both religious and social. William Saroyan was around with plays about the little people whose beautiful dreams came magically to life despite a hostile and unfeeling world. And Philip Barry was having his mystical moments worrying about the sickness of the human spirit and its search for a God who wasn't being found in churches. Overseas Sean O'Casey was saying some of these things more vigorously and more directly as he extolled the rich possibilities of living that were being trampled by authority and vested interest.

Well, a lot has happened since 1939, and the tenor of present plays is mostly a pessimistic lament for the crushing of the individual, as in "Death of a Salesman" and "The Shrike," or (in comedy) a realistic settling for a limited gain on the part of the protagonist rather than the discovery of a few simple truths that would if followed suddenly revolutionize the world. As Tennessee Williams points out in his overextravagant "Camino Real," these romantic splurgings by oversized hearts must be followed by hard reckonings, and the phase of beautiful anarchy must be followed by painful reassemblings of one's honor.

Because times have changed, "Madam Will You Walk," as produced at the glowingly renovated Phoenix Theatre on Second Avenue near Twelfth Street, seems oldfashioned and unsuitable for Broadway. But the Phoenix is not Broadway either in price or in intention, and it is pleasant to report that tired hearts still jump a bit as the characters in Mr. Howard's comedy taste the naive pleasures of participating in "a deal to make everyone cut loose." The chief personality is a catalytic Devil who both prods the play along and speaks the author's philosophy. He begins by persuading a rather plain heiress, whose father had made money illegally as a Tammany politician, to help him in his campaign of releasing the world from oppression, routine, and inhibition. In turn he promises to make her irresistible to men.

The plot goes on to involve a frustrated cab-driver who wants to be a tap-dancer (an interesting composite of Odets and Saroyan), an uncouth composer-conductor (the biggest laugh of the evening came when he told the opening-night audience in this temporary newspaperless city, "Will I read about me tomorrow morning? No!"), a lawyer-politician with a wonderful motto, "Happiness

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omes and goes, but property is property," a baffled priest, a humorous udge, and a frustrated diva.

The events are, I'm afraid, rather illy, but whenever interest cloys up oops the Devil with an enlightening lemonstration or argument. Since he s no stock Mephistopheles but "God's salesman," and not anti-Christ but anti-priest and anti-chieftain, he makes an unusual and compelling character. He is a revolutionary, but not a Marxist, Fascist, Communist, etc., because for him "the means have to justify the ends." His credo is that "either man is a law unto himself, or he is nothing," but at the same time he believes that "truth must be credible, or it can do as much harm as any lie." He also seems to support free love, provided the physician has given his OK.

As the Devil, Hume Cronyn carries just the right mixture of suavity and genuineness. Jessica Tandy manages to preserve her dignity and charm in the ingenue role for which she has been somewhat miscast. And Norman Lloyd is better in showy bits of acting in the role of the composer-conductor than he is in the other part of his job, which is as the director of the play. Donald Oenslager's unit set perhaps tries to do a little too much within its limitations, but the moody Central Park lake scene has starry magic in it.

But the stars who make the Phoenix's debut a cordial though by no means startling event are the pleasant and comfortable theatre, the winning and remarkable Mr. Cronyn, and the relatively carefree never-never land of 1939 which is, alas, fading into memory at the speed of light.

ANOTHER repertory project, Alejandro Ulloa's Spanish Theatre Company, has contributed to the New York season some Spanish classics and a sample, for better or worse, of Spanish acting.

Senor Ulloa appears to the non-Spanish-speaking as more of a declaimer and reciter than a top-flight actor. He is at his best in Calderón's "Life Is a Dream" when he delivers an angry soliloquy in strong measured tones. Of the rest in the company Francisca Ferrandiz and Pilar Olivar are amusing in a scene from Zorrilla's "Don Juan Tenorio," and Rafael Calvo is impressive as the old general in Calderón's "The Mayor of Zalamea."

The scenery and the direction are archaic and do not speak well for the current state of the Spanish theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

Drama Book Notes

OLD CAMEOS: There is probably no better description of W. Macqueen-Pope's **"Ladies First"** (British Book Centre, $4.50) than his own statement that all too few of the British actresses from Margaret Hughes, the first professional woman actress in 1660, to Ellen Terry, who died in 1928, have received their measure of remembrance and "it is the purpose of this book to distribute a little rosemary here and there." This is putting it mildly, because the book discusses the romantic lives of more than fifty actresses. Since there cannot help but be a great deal of similarity in their careers, the reminiscences cloy a little. Yet the book is well illustrated, affectionately written, and useful for reference. In addition, "Ladies First" includes many stage anecdotes. The one on page 43 is left unfinished, but for those historians who would have all the facts we can add that the line of "Romeo and Juliet" in question was "Oh, my poor Count." —H. H.

MUSIC-HALL MEMENTO: The tradition that began with Bartholomew Fair in the fifteenth century and developed into what we know as the variety act of vaudeville and nightclubs is a fading but a rich one. In his attempt to pay homage to this tradition in his new book, **"They Were Singing"** (British Book Centre, $4), Christopher Pulling has allowed his zeal for overlooking no one to lead him into being inconclusive about almost everyone. His classifications include the fop, who "always finds it best, after the fag of getting dressed, to take at least an hour's rest"; the "gay" river Thames, the bather who "does like to be beside the seaside"; the vicissitudes of married life; the cabmen and busdrivers, and the policeman. My own favorite song is the one about Gertie the policewoman planted in a car to catch speeders. ("If you do more than thirty then Gertie gets shirty.")

In addition there are chapters devoted to the background of the music hall which go back over much of the same ground, and perhaps the most valuable part of the book—an index of who sang which songs. "They Were Singing" is the sort of a book that is filled with love and scholarship, but which by its multiple ambitions cannot escape tedium. Mr. Pulling would have been better advised to write either an out-and-out reference book or to give us a highly subjective work in which he would attempt to paint a picture of the world of music hall without the burden of referring to people he did not wish to discuss in a conclusive manner. —H. H.

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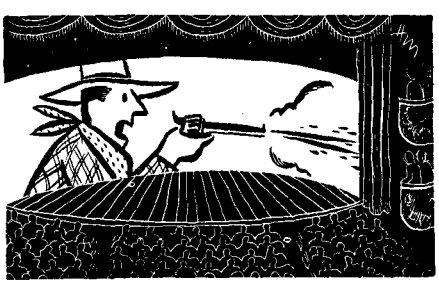
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Music, Music, Music

SHOW me the man who likes film musicals and I'll show you a patient man. Patient because ever since the form was introduced way back in the infancy of the talkies he has been willing to sit through the silly little charades that serve as plot material for most musicals in anticipation of the big scenes with the dancing girls and singing boys. Convention, apparently, has dictated the need for some sort of connective tissue between the production numbers, but time and usage have worn that tissue thin. After all, how many variations on a backstage theme are there? The form, however, continues to prosper despite familiar stories and improbable characters, and patience reaps its reward in the occasional delight of an imaginatively handled dance sequence, an intimate view of a favorite singer, or the rich, elaborate accumulation of effects in the finale. One wonders if the same delights might not prove even more delectable in a plotless revue, but while awaiting this millennium we find as current Christmas fare the same old stories being served up with new trimmings.

So far as trimmings go probably the smartest are those surrounding M-G-M's **"Give a Girl a Break."** This isn't one of their more opulent entertainments. In fact, it's pleasantly modest, with high imagination more than compensating for a relatively low budget. The fairly routine story centers about three girls competing for the same job in Gower Champion's new Broadway musical, but it manages to avoid many of the pitfalls of backstage musicals by refusing to take itself too seriously. The girls, Marge Champion, Debbie Reynolds, and Helen Wood, are three varied and decorative dancers who add considerably to the overall attractiveness of this picture.

What sets "Give a Girl a Break" a bit apart from the general run of musicals, however, is Stanley Donen's smooth direction, neatly integrating the musical numbers into the flow of the story. Perhaps because Donen was himself a dancer, he seems able to impart a rhythmic undercurrent to even the expositional sequences of his film. His styling permits actors to burst into melody or slip into a dance without the jarring contrivance of a calculated song cue. And the dances themselves, staged by Donen with Gower Champion, take full advantage of the possibilities of the color camera. Burton Lane's music is scarcely memorable, though Ira Gershwin has contributed some bright lyrics. For that matter, "Give a Girl a Break" isn't really memorable either, but through fresh, original handling it emerges as a pleasantly entertaining little film.



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"Easy to Love," the new Esther Williams aquamusical, is also the work of a former dance director, Charles Walters. Unfortunately for Walters, who did the charming "Lili" earlier this year, this one *had* to be spectacular, filled with water ballets and complicated plot ramifications to keep Esther always in the swim. After all, as Fannie Brice once observed, "Wet, she's a star. Dry, she ain't." Well, dry she ain't—at least, not for long in this film. As a Cypress Gardens water queen Esther is busily swimming, diving, or water skiing through most of the footage. Van Johnson, her slave-driving boss at the Gardens, sees to it that she keeps in the water, although Tony Martin, a nightclub singer, has other plans for her. While Esther shuttles between the two, director Walters manages to get in an occasional nice touch and generally keeps the story moving breezily enough. For the big ballet numbers, however, Busby Berkeley takes over. An old hand at this business, Berkeley has made a specialty of eye-filling spectacles that are at once absurd, exhibitionistic, and wonderfully pure cinema. His camera cavorts with high abandon, zooming and gliding over aquatic designs in flower-filled pools, building rhythmic patterns from fancy high dives. His version of the Cypress Gardens water show is probably the apotheosis of such entertainments—more girls, more music, more tricks, more intricate designs than even the Cinerama cameraman, working with the same material, ever dared dream of, and all leading to a monster finale replete with waterfalls, colored lights, and the flags of all the United Nations.

* * *

On the other hand, **"Here Come the Girls,"** a Paramount musical starring Bob Hope, is nobody's jackpot. It strikes out jauntily enough with Hope as "the world's oldest living chorus boy" in what is certainly the plushiest burlesque show that Union City ever saw. Always out of step, always in the wrong place at the wrong time, he is admired only by chorine Rosemary Clooney. "Ya Got Class," she informs him in the film's brightest number. A few scenes of Hope's home life, with a doting mother and indignant father, hint at the satiric comedy that might have been built around this theme. Apparently it wasn't farcical enough for Hope, though. A "Jack the Slasher" character is soon loosed in the script and Bob becomes the star of the show as a decoy for the killer. The idea proves just about as gruesome as it sounds. Arlene Dahl, Tony Martin, and Rosemary Clooney provide the music, none of which will make history.

* * *

The career of young Donald O'Connor, which had taken a promising turn recently through such hits as "Singin' in the Rain" and "Call Me Madam," now takes a decided turn for the worse in **"Walking My Baby Back Home."** He is still as hard-working as ever, a clever and ingratiating performer, but in this one he just has nothing to work with. Not only does the story plumb the depths of banality, its songs are flat and its dance routines shapeless. In fact, just about the only thing in the whole picture that is neither flat nor shapeless is Janet Leigh.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

The Living Desert: There are a few desert courtships, games, and idyls, but mostly slaughter and fear in the first full-length Walt Disney True-Life Adventure. (*SR* Nov. 14.)

Little Fugitive: A very young man gets away from it all on Coney Island; a smalltime film force follows in his marvelous wake. (*SR* Nov. 7.)

Gilbert and Sullivan: Robert Morley and Maurice Evans play this Victorian duet to the dum-te-dums of Sullivan's tunes. (*SR* Oct. 31.)

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3.)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26.)

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TV AND RADIO

Who's Behind Little Mary?

A RESOLUTION I recommend to television executives for the coming year is a serious effort to give us a real puppet show. We will have "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," of course, in 1954, with its perennial charm and good taste. But Kuklapolitania is one talented man's (Burr Tillstrom) highly individualized solo improvisation on an ancient marionette art. Mr. Tillstrom is communicating his whimsical self in many essences through Kukla, Oliver Dragon, Beulah Witch, Mme. Ogglepuss, *et al.* His is a private, gentle world where no villains lurk except our own small foibles—and these exempt from worldly clash and tragic circumstance. We will also have the children's-hour world of Doodyville with Howdy and his bonga-bongas and Buffalo Bob and his peculiarly uninhibited assaults on childhood's extravagant marches of the imagination. But no one seriously claims that this is true puppetry or that it bears any lineal resemblance to Egypt's mechanical deities four thousand years ago, or the corn festival masks of our own American Indians, or the banana-stalk puppets of Bali.

We will have, too, if the strings of CBS network time function as now planned, a new across-the-board Bill Baird Show. The Bairds (Cora, his wife, is the distaff string-puller) have been in and out of the modern shadow-box several times since 1950. They have done fantasy for children ("The Whistling Wizard") and an adult disc jockey program in which puppets staged production numbers to the music of popular records. Currently they are guesting on Saturday night's "Show of Shows." Their thus-far inability to land in a regular spot reflects the difficult problem which authentic puppetry is having in adjusting to the most modern and universal of stages—American TV.

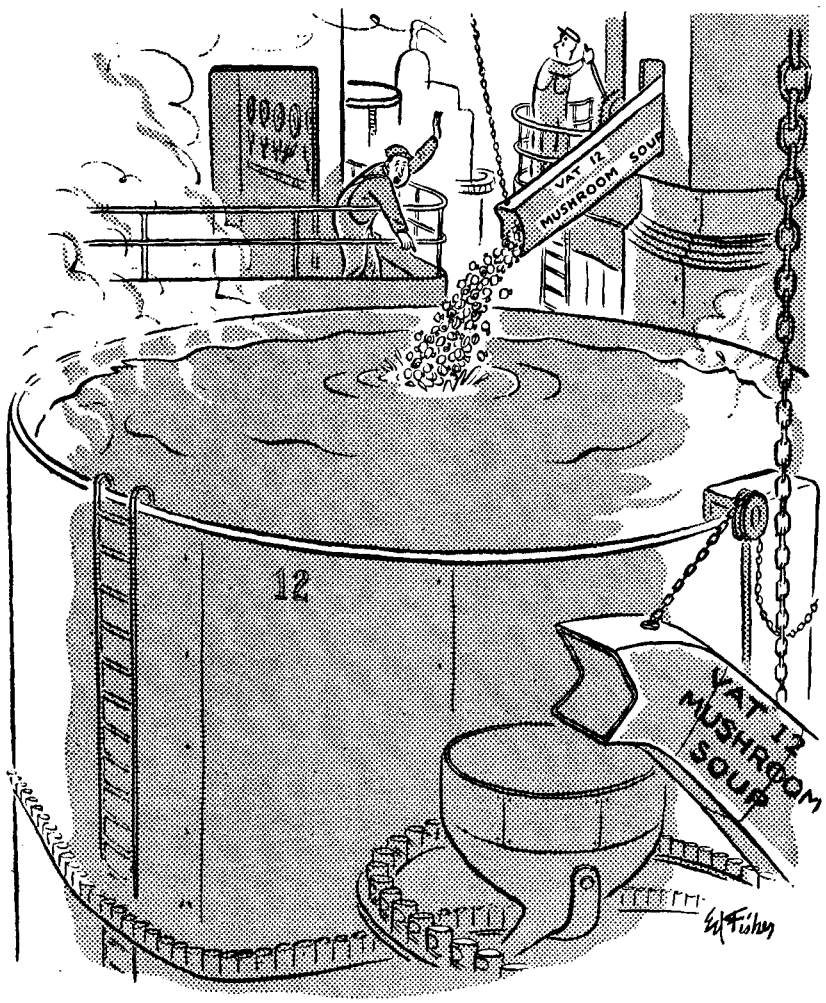
The Bairds are true puppeteers, perhaps the leading *regisseurs* in this country of the guignol, or puppet, world. If, as Somerset Maugham maintains, the mark of a master is not one but a body of works, then the Bairds qualify. Their combined home-workshop, a puppet's walk from the midtown Manhattan side of the Hudson River, is hung with and otherwise peopled by more than 800 marionettes, a tribe prospering and multiplying through the Bairds' past journeyings in the wilderness of movies, stage, vaudeville, fairs, night clubs, and burlesque. Their approach to their work is creative; they have a firm knowledge of, and a respect for, their art's tradition. The mass-production challenge of television at first appalled them, but now, they assert, it stimulates, teaches them, and unfolds new capacities.

ACCORDING to the Bairds' own briefing, puppets at their best are marvelously facile instruments for editorial commentary, particularly satire. Thus, they were distinguished in Europe where the best playwrights and actors worked with them. In our own New York puppets are to this day forbidden by an old statute to perform. The law was written, no doubt, by some petty tyrant whose egocentric posterior burned to the fiery darts of an anonymous political puppet satirist.

In 1932, when Macy's hired the famous puppeteer Tony Sarg to put on a lively, holiday puppet show in its window, Gimbels across the street, disturbed by the marionettes competitive pulling power, invoked the ancient ordinance and stopped the show. Puppets on television are too goody-goody; that's what's the matter with them. Perhaps if they had a little more of that Macy's-Gimbels bite they'd startle the unawakened American public to the discovery of the entertainment, esthetic, and social values now dormant in the thing-and-stuff marionettes when they are manipulated by people who are willing to say something creative about life and the world and the times.

The word "marionette," after all, means "little Mary." Puppets were used exclusively in early Christian miracle plays. Actors, as Bill Baird put it, were considered "vulgar, foul-mouthed people not fittin' to perform at church altars." When the American Indians danced their rituals, a puppet mask would open and they would see another face—the soul inside. Let us open the too-amiable mask of television's puppetry and see the much richer Alice-in-Wonderland soul inside.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



"Hold everything—there goes a toadstool."

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HARPER

Mostly Metropolitan, Also Szell and Istomin

COMING abreast of the Metropolitan's "Marriage of Figaro" at its third performance, I must align myself with those who are anti-change for the sake of change. The production designed by Jonel Jorgelusco and staged by Herbert Graf has long been one of the smoother, better-integrated efforts of the Metropolitan as singing personnel came and went. It was good with Panizza, Walter, Leinsdorf, Busch, and Reiner as conductors; the new, crude rearrangement with the awkward side platforms extending partway over the orchestra pit on either side may be defended on some theoretical ground, but it is indefensible in its present unsightly, unatmospheric presentation under the ambling direction of Fritz Stiedry.

A question to Graf as to why "Figaro" is played in a brightly lit theatre instead of the conventional darkness brought the answer, "That's the way it was done in Mozart's time." Since Mozart rarely saw a building as large as the Metropolitan, let alone a theatre seating 3,500 people, the answer can scarcely be called cogent. Persons who are accustomed to the spell-casting darkness of a movie house are not to be thrust back into the milieu of "Mozart's time" merely by turning the lights on. Besides, its uneconomical for a theatre constantly running at a loss to waste money on lighting merely to satisfy a whim. Graf is far too capable a stage director to attract attention to himself with "innovations" as farfetched as this.

So far as the musical performance was concerned, Irmgard Seefried as Susanna and Lisa della Casa as the Countess sustained their European reputations with poised vocal work and dramatic characterizations of a superior sort. Miss Seefried was a much more workmanlike worker than in her Salzburg finery of last summer, which was a boon, while Miss Della Casa gave substantial support to those who believe she can have a long, rewarding career at the Metropolitan. Her voice is certainly large enough for the theatre, and she has that all-precious quality called dramatic projection. Let us hope she endures long enough to become the Marschallin in "Rosenkavalier" so badly wanted on today's stage. She has the personal charm, the gracious accent, which the role requires, and the voice may grow to its demands.

However, the good news ends about there, for Erich Kunz is a rather bumptious Figaro and Frank Guarrera plays the Count as though somebody was about to call his nobility to account at any moment. The voice is good enough and he has a feeling for Mozart's vocal style, but the kind of strutting that Alfred Lunt taught him to do (advantageously) for Guglielmo in "Così" is quite out of place here. Finally, the conducting of Stiedry is all-respectful of musical beauty, in rather strong disregard of the fact that "Figaro" must be theatre first, a heavenly concord of sound second. Accent, thrust, forward motion are essential in this score as in no other.

The succession of new, worthwhile talent was augmented by the sturdy voice and good stage bearing of Ettore

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Bastianini, a young baritone from Italy who made his debut as Giorgio Germont in the season's first "Traviata." His is a lyric baritone with quality at both ends, particularly at the top. How long he lasts or how far he goes is more or less his own future to determine, for the sound he commands will serve him as well as he serves it. The first audience responded warmly to him. Richard Tucker sang much of Alfredo's music beautifully, and Licia Albanese was an expressive Violetta, mostly lacking the vocal largesse she once dispensed so lavishly.

An otherwise uneventful "Bohème" during Manhattan's Great News Blackout was animated by the appearance of Lucine Amara as Mimi, in place of Hilde Gueden. This young soprano from San Francisco had appeared last season in a performance with the English text, which has now been discarded. Since Italian is no less a mother tongue for her than English, she was actually at an advantage in working with the syllables as well as the sounds Puccini had in mind.

As previously stated here, my idea of the true valuation of the Amara voice and temperament is for something more dramatic than Mimi (or Micaela, which has also been asked of her at the Metropolitan). However, she improved this opportunity with a vocal performance of surety and power, and a projection of dramatic values decidedly promising. Jean Fenn's Musetta had much to be said for it, both in action and voice; and it was worth noting that some of the more questionable innovations of Joseph Mankiewicz's direction have been amended. Eugene Conley was Rodolfo with Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Norman Scott sharing his Latin Quarters. Alberto Erede was more often led than leading.

THE transfer of direction of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra from Dimitri Mitropoulos to George Szell was accomplished in terms of a Brahms program that bracketed the Second Symphony with the Second Piano Concerto, in which Eugene Istomin was the soloist. Szell took hold with a firm hand and a substantial understanding of the underlying line and point-to-point purpose of these works. The orchestra responded energetically to his clearly drawn plans, in a more solidly unanimous way than has been evident in its playing of such works in earlier weeks. For Istomin, also, this was an occasion for revaluation of his notable talents, in terms of admiration and respect. —IRVING KOLODIN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
KILL WITH CARE *Hugh Laurence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Col. police chief stabbed; survivors and Pvt. Eye Jim Dunn zoom after culprit.	Some strain on credibility, but has moments of motion.	On the goofy side
MARGIN OF TERROR *William P. McGivern* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Yank engineer in Rome runs into gal in distress. Red plots, much violence.	Pace moderate to good, but story is largely underdeveloped.	Fifty-fifty
THE SEVENTH CHASM *Oliver Gard* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	NY prof., exploring Little Italy, collides with big money, multiple bloodshed.	Large cast runs gamut from plausible to dizzy; action good.	Sort of jolly
DEAD OF SUMMER *Dana Mosely* (Abelard: $2.50)	Hot spell in Midwest city fails to put brakes on murder.	Overwritten, and needs organization; has dry passages.	Try again
THE LISTENER *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Nun in N. Y. retreat hears strange music, sees murder, annoys cops and mother superior.	Artificial situation leaves little room to sympathize with nice heroine.	Machinery creaks
SHEPHERD'S CROOK *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Sheep-stealing, murder, in wild Yorkshire give Chief Insp. MacDonald lively vacation.	Nice feeling of authenticity saves slow-paced, chatty yarn.	Plodding but pleasant
THE SAINT IN EUROPE *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Seven shorts, all over Continent, involving latter-day Robin Hood (shhhhhhh).	France, Germany, Holland, Italy scenes of lively adventures.	He's as flip as ever

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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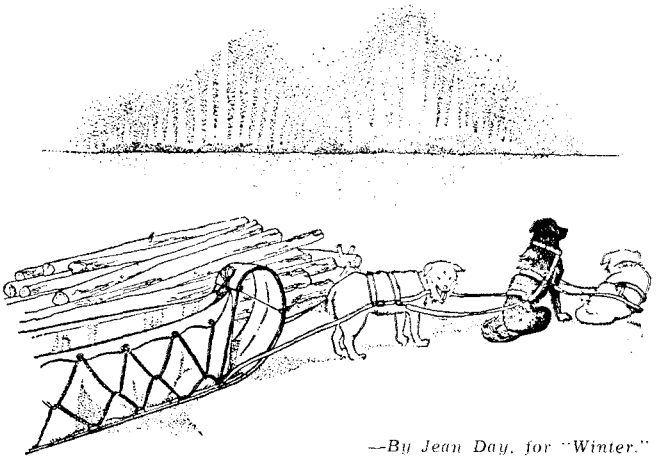
Continued from page 23

boughs for food, all fill special and essential niches. No form of life on earth stands entirely alone.

With disastrous results, in many misdirected efforts at conservation, man has tried to remove disliked threads from the web of life. A classic instance is the sequence of events beginning in the Kaibab Forest of northern Arizona early in the present century. Officials decided to increase the number of deer by wiping out predators. Mountain lions, wolves, and coyotes were hunted down. The thread of the predators was virtually eliminated from Kaibab life. The deer responded by multiplying from 4,000 to 40,000 in a dozen years. The range began to show damage. Still they increased. By 1923, 100,000 famished animals roamed the area. During the two following winters, 60,000 deer died of starvation. By 1939, their numbers had fallen back to 10,000 animals struggling to survive on a damaged range that originally would have supported three times their number. In nature's scheme of things the Kaibab predators played an essential role in keeping the herds within the carrying capacity of their range.

SUCH checks and balances have functioned for eons. But, as Mr. Storer points out, in very recent times—geologically speaking—something entirely new to the life of this earth has been added. This is human intelligence. The impact of misused intelligence on environment can be seen in denuded land, eroded fields, silt-filled rivers. In early days, he notes, man was controlled by the same natural laws that everywhere set a limit to the change of environment. "When a community destroyed the land that supported it the inhabitants had to move to new land, or perish. Its powers of destruction were limited to its own environment. Today, with the development of transportation, a community can destroy its land and still live on it if there are means to bring food from outside."

"The Web of Life" is a sobering, thoughtful, thought-stimulating book. It is written calmly, without any fire of emotion, presenting facts and conclusions in orderly fashion. The blurb-writer's insistence that it "does for all of nature what Rachel Carson did for 'The Sea Around Us'" seems an unnecessary handicap for a good book. It invites comparisons that should not be made. This is no "The Sea Around Us." But it is an excellent book of an entirely different kind.



—By Jean Day, for "Winter."

Adjusting in Athapaska

"Winter," by Cornelius Osgood *(W. W. Norton. 255 pp. $3.75), is the record of a year spent by a sensitive and rather inept man virtually alone in the Arctic wilderness.*

By Raymond Holden

THOSE who are drawn to the Arctic usually have an emotional, an intellectual, or an emporeutic reason for visiting it. Some excellent literature has come of all three. Perhaps a combination of the first two produces the best results.

The Arctic about which Cornelius Osgood writes in "Winter" is the Arctic of twenty-five years ago and its locus is the Great Bear Lake region lying some fifty miles east of the Mackenzie River and a hundred or more miles southwest of Coronation Gulf. Osgood's errand was that of an ethnographer in the employ of the Canadian Government bent on getting first-hand information about some Athapaskan tribes who were the ancestral relatives of our own Navajo and Apache Indians. The ethnographer, however, is not dominant in this account of the author's stay at Great Bear Lake. He admits that the scientific results of his study were negligible and he treats them as if they were non-existent. His book is, as he says, primarily a study in the sensitivity of one individual to a remarkably compelling environment. It is a description of the coming and passing of winter in a land where winter occupies the greater part of the year and determines the economy of those who know how to get along in it.

Osgood seems to be a man who did not know, instinctively, how to get along in an Arctic winter and who, although he enjoyed a solitary life, had to turn to his neighbors for knowledge of how to survive. With the Indians and half-breeds of the region he got along well enough. He benefited greatly from their charity and kindly interest in him. They laughed at his ineptitude and lack of resourcefulness but they thought of him when he needed help and kept a watchful eye on him. Yet the weight of winter, brooding over the great lake, caused a rift to widen between him and his neighbors. The rift was nothing but what people in a more tranquil climate would have called a silly misunderstanding, but at Great Bear Lake it never entirely healed.

The result was that Osgood, the sensitive man with an eye for the melancholy beauty of little loneliness in the presence of vast aloneness, was thrown inward upon himself and, let it be said, his dogs, who could not afford to misunderstand him. This experience sharpened his awareness of his environment and the reader is the beneficiary. While it is difficult to understand why this beauty-haunted man did some of the things which he did do and why he failed to do some of the things which he did not do, it is impossible not to see the austere magnificence of the icy lake and its surrounding plateau of brushy muskeg. It is impossible, too, not to feel the presence of the simple gentle natives, to whom what was for the author a soul-searching experience was a complete life. And it is impossible, too, not to be moved by the spectacle of a man not naturally fitted to cope with so exacting an environment being nourished and sustained and drawn out beyond himself by the natural beauty and stark reality of the very forces which made life so difficult for him.

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Notes

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS REPORT: During the past two years ten scientists, leading investigators in their fields, have been invited by the Sigma Xi Society to summarize recent developments for laymen as well as for fellow workers. **"Science in Progress,"** edited by George A. Baitsell (Yale University Press, $6), is a collection of these ten lectures recommended to all persons interested in what is happening on the frontiers of modern research. It covers a wide range of studies. In a carefully thought-out paper Donald R. Griffin of Harvard University considers the still mysterious migrations of animals, including the problem of how birds and fish navigate, and argues against the notion that such things depend on senses as yet unknown: "We should . . . be more prepared for the discovery of surprising new behavior patterns than for wholly new types of sensory windows."

Other reports on the life sciences deal with such diverse subjects as cooperation and conflict among primitive organisms, and the evolution of man from ape-men who roamed South Africa more than ten million years ago. George Gamow of George Washington University presents one theory about how the universe evolved, and refuses to go into a discussion of the shape of things before the process began. He quotes St. Augustine's answer when asked what God was doing before He made heaven and earth: "He was making hell for the persons who ask that kind of question." The physical sciences are also represented by informative accounts of the latest advances—and unsolved problems—in the study of the atmospheres of the earth and sun, and the use of radar techniques in atomic research.

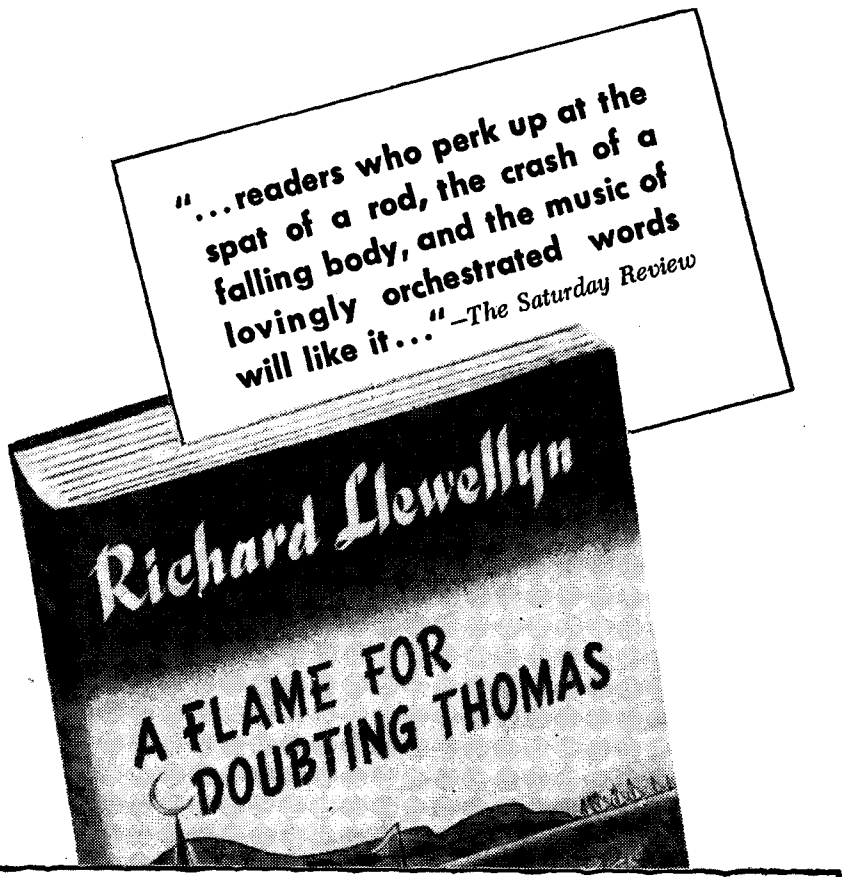
—JOHN PFEIFFER.

TASKS AHEAD FOR SCIENTISTS: A century ago, when half the world was unexplored, geographers devoted themselves mainly to visiting new lands, surveying, map-making, and publishing accounts of their travels. **"The Way of the World,"** by George H. T. Kimble (George Grady Press, New York, $2.50), is a story of a field that is changing, now that "there is scarcely a peak that has not been scaled, or a tribe that has not been filmed and psychoanalyzed." Mr. Kimble, director of the American Geographical Society, presents the geographer as a scientist dedicated to piecing together knowledge gathered from a wide variety of disciplines, a kind of professional non-specialist. He sees the earth, first of all, as a rich and abundant place. For six millennia people have been cultivating the Nile Valley, and it continues to produce thirty-four bushels of wheat and 606 pounds of cotton per acre (the cotton yield is the world's highest).

Such yields are a tribute to man's perseverance as well as to the earth's fruitfulness. The job of keeping alive never ceases. Man has tirelessly worked the soil and carved settlements out of wildernesses, but perhaps the greatest problems of all lie ahead—including the problems of what to do about soil erosion and other effects of our tendency to use our powers unwisely.

Dr. Kimble comments on many technical advances which may or may not help us overcome difficulties of our own making. For example, he is wary of recent attempts to produce artificial weather, believing they may not be easy to control: "When it comes to tinkering with the atmosphere I have a feeling that we are getting off limits." His book is an interesting attempt to synthesize the findings of many sciences.

—J.P.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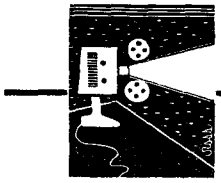


Occasion for Cheers

LAST month's showing of "Latuko" to the 5,000 members of New York City's Cinema 16 marks the first prominent occasion of a banned film being privately screened before audiences of considerable size. The film (reviewed by Arthur Knight, *SR* Nov. 21) is a matter-of-fact reporting job on a little-known tribe and was produced under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. Although it had been denied license for public showing in New York State, mainly because the primitive people who appear in it are undeniably nude, it could be shown by Cinema 16, which as a private nonprofit cultural society incorporated under the laws of New York State is not subject to the various legal restrictions governing public showings of movies. It was something of an occasion when the film which had been made by New York's famous scientific museum finally could be witnessed by some of its citizens. It was also an occasion for Cinema 16, the nation's foremost film society.

This has been a good season for film societies all over the country, despite the fact that they operate generally on an amateurish basis without national leadership of any kind. Most of them take shelter under the roof of a college or university, a church or library, a factory, union hall, museum, or other sympathetic meeting place. Some have come and gone with the wind. Some have persisted and grown stronger each year. New ones are constantly springing to life. Their individual memberships vary from twenty ardent students on a college campus to perhaps eight or nine hundred interested moviegoers in a museum movie series. Together they form the only recognizable distribution outlets for adult documentary, experimental, and special films. Each year hundreds of these films, among them many which have been reviewed in these columns, are displayed by film societies throughout the country. The fact that there was no showcase in New York City for these films prompted Amos and Marcia Vogel to organize Cinema 16. The success they have made, as witnessed in the spectacular rise in memberships this year, is due not only to their initial good ideas, but also to their planning and hard work.

Back in 1947, when Amos Vogel was making the rounds of film offices and asking for suggestions about starting a 16mm film show, I had quite a bit to say on the subject. As I remember, most of it was negative. I could see by his enthusiasm that it would be a labor of love, but I prophesied only trouble —trouble with taxes and censors, trouble with unions and even 16mm distributors, trouble especially with audiences, who seem to become more difficult as they grow more discriminating. But Vogel had an optimistic set of principles to guide him. He felt, first of all, that the good 16mm films were an education in themselves, that they deserved to be shown, and that many people wanted only the opportunity to see them. He felt that the only way to put such a program across was to do it independently, making it a full-time occupation for himself.

The Vogels held their first program in the fall of 1947 at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village. It was an immediate success. With a theatre capacity of about 200, four performances of the program had been scheduled, and these were soon parlayed to sixteen, all sold out in advance. It was not long before the idea of a film society for regular yearly members crystallized.

From the beginning audiences were asked to say what sorts of films they wanted to see, and according to an article written by Vogel in *Film News* (March 1948) the highest percentages were for "documentary and experimental films as well as for those on psychology and the arts."

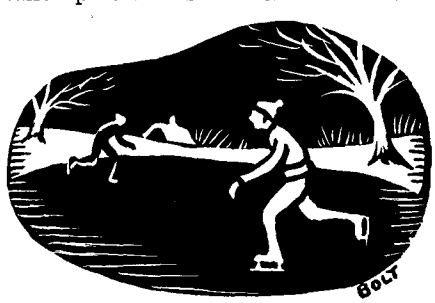
The films shown at the first programs were a strange assortment ranging from foolish to facile to fascinating. But they gave people a chance to see what could be done with films. They touched all levels of wit and desire, science and nonsense, bringing to the screen such a miscellany of names as Julian Huxley, Douglass Crockwell, Philip Stapp, Martha Graham, Norman McLaren, John Ferno, and others less well known.

Having been wiped out financially by the famous blizzard of December 1947, which coincided with their second program, the Vogels started the film-society version of Cinema 16 in the spring of 1948 at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse with a nuclear membership of about two hundred people and an advance screening of Hans Richter's surrealist feature "Dreams That Money Can Buy." Later that season some programs of short films were given at the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre. In the fall of 1948 Cinema 16 was renting the theatre at Hunter College for its growing membership of about 900, and in the spring of 1949 it took up monthly residence at the Central Needle Trades High School, whose auditorium (with a seating capacity of 1,600) is frequently used for miscellaneous community programs. These auditorium showings still continue, with two Wednesday evening performances on the same evening at 7:15 and at 9:30 P.M.; they are supplemented now by three Sunday morning showings of the same program at the Beekman Theatre, New York's newest and one of its most stylish "art houses." In addition, to take care of this year's overflow of applications for membership, a limited Tuesday evening show is being given at the Central Needle Trades Auditorium each month. All in all it means that over five thousand people are now seeing Cinema 16's monthly selections of experimental and fact films.

Now in its seventh season, Cinema 16 continues along the lines established in its earliest statement of purpose. It offers its members fifteen programs a year, seven regular monthly film shows and eight special events.

FOR the past few years there has been about a 20 per cent increase in membership each year. This year's continued growth was something of a surprise. "We've been running ads in the newspaper and on the radio each fall for several years," Marcia Vogel explained to me, "and we were quite accustomed to the little packet of replies that would come in the mails each day. But this year the postman kept bringing bigger and bigger ones day after day, and for a while we couldn't believe our own eyes."

There is at least one other person who can't believe his own eyes, and he is the manager of the Beekman Theatre, where Cinema 16's Sunday morning shows are given. He can be seen standing in the lobby, watching the people pour in, literally wide-eyed. The program is scheduled for 11:15 A.M. The audience starts arriving about a half hour before, and by 11:10 only a fringe of the theatre's 538-capacity is unfilled. Compared to Cinema 16's first audiences and surroundings, a remarkable change has taken place. This isn't Greenwich Vil-



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lage bohemia any more, or if it is it's a well-dressed, well-heeled bohemia.

Back in the projection booth Amos Vogel is likely to be helping things get underway. Every show, even after all these years, is like a debut to him. But in the course of time the details have been smoothed out, so that the difficulties are routine and are attended to with professional skill and speed. For over four years now technical operations have been in the hands of Martin Maloy, a sound engineer as well as a projectionist. Along with Mr. Maloy each Sunday morning there is a special union projectionist and the theatre's regular projectionist, both of whom have to be paid by Cinema 16. Also on hand is Jack Goelman, who shares managerial tasks with Vogel in the theatre and is now a full-time employe of the organization. The society owns an expensive array of projection equipment, a 16mm arc projector with all the necessary spare parts, record players, film splicers, and the like. Because of the cost that would be involved in having two sets of equipment and spares, this one is shipped back and forth between the Central Needle Trades Auditorium and the Beekman Theatre in special crates.

Cinema 16 and its founders pride themselves on many things: the handsome design of its printed announcements for each new series; the praise and interest given them early in the game by such diverse celebrities as Yehudi Menuhin, John Huston, Thornton Wilder, Robert Flaherty, Quincy Howe, Jean Renoir; even more valuable the paid memberships of artists like Cheryl Crawford, Leonard Bernstein, Marlon Brando, Paul McCobb, John Latouche, Samuel Barber, Jerome Robbins, Valerie Bettis, Pearl Primus, Joshua Logan, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Henry Morgan; the general membership coming from seven states in the area, including a Tennessean who writes that he comes up to New York each month specifically to see the film shows; last, and perhaps most of all, they are proud of the many films they have offered for viewing.

In the course of its programs Cinema 16 introduced animator Norman McLaren to his first large New York audience back in 1948, some time before his films were shown in the nation's "art theatres" and before he won an Academy Award for his distinctive "Neighbors." Of the hundreds of experimental, abstract, art, and documentary films Cinema 16 has shown, many have had subsequent runs in New York movie theatres. But not all the films shown at Cinema 16 are new. Among the older perennials it has featured are Cavalcanti's "Film and Reality," Dmitri Kirsanov's "Menilmontant," Pare Lorentz's "The River," and Willard Van Dyke's "Valley Town."

Nor is "Latuko" the only banned film it has screened for its members. (Interestingly enough, for this showing the film, which had been shot in 35mm, was reduced to 16mm size in keeping with Cinema 16's established policy implied by its name.) Most notable of the banned films Cinema 16 has shown is Alexander Hammid's "Private Life of a Cat," which has scenes of the actual birth of kittens (and which our Connecticut correspondent last month reported to be the big hit among children and parents at the Westport Public Library movie shows). There have been films whose producers or distributors allowed only restricted circulation, mainly psychological studies such as "Frustration Play Techniques," "Grief," and "Activity Group Therapy." Others have been sensationally experimental like "Geography of the Body," "Fireworks," "The Blood of the Beasts," and "Psyche."

Vogel feels that sometimes it has been the sensational films which attracted audiences, but it is interesting to observe that these are not the most ardently applauded. At last month's showing, for example, the response to a medical teaching film called "Psychotherapeutic Interviewing" was mere silence, but "In the Street," a random shooting of sidewalk scenes by the photographer Helen Levitt, won a warm ovation. Among Cinema 16's most consistently popular items are the UPA cartoons. Last month's program included their disenchanting "Unicorn in the Garden" (Thurber creatures in a Thurber story-with-moral), "The Tell-Tale Heart" (a grimly animated version of the Poe story narrated by James Mason), and "Christopher Crumpet" (a boy who wanted a real rocket ship).

IT sounds easy. It is a simple matter to report that these films were shown in such a place to so many people who liked or did not like them. But it has been a struggle and a full-time headache all the while. To those who would like to duplicate Cinema 16's success in other cities Vogel often gives individual aid and advice, as well as general program planning services. A number of groups around the country actually call themselves Cinema 16 or Films 16. But Vogel warns that to maintain a large film society is an expensive operation, pointing out that his organization spends about $10,000 a year on advertising and direct mail promotion, and that projectionists' fees alone amount to $350 a month. Now that Cinema 16 has reached financial stability, Vogel confesses that the organization had been going

How to Know God

THE YOGA APHORISMS OF PATANJALI

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at least four years before he was able to draw a reasonable weekly wage.

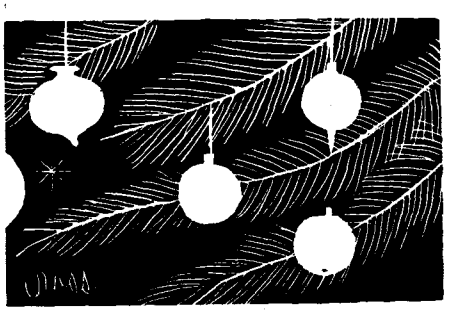
Neither of the Vogels has quite decided what the next steps will be in dealing with the steadily increasing popularity of Cinema 16. "We thought it would be a nice quiet year and we'd have everything under control for once," says Marcia wistfully. "As it is, Amos has been working six days a week, ten hours a day. The joke of it is, he always said he wanted an easy job." —CECILE STARR.

16 mm. Notes

FREE CATALOGS: A booklet listing special experimental films offered for rental is now available without charge from Cinema 16, at 175 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. It includes information about several dozen films, including such exclusives as "Weegee's New York" and "Blood of the Beasts."

The Museum of Modern Art Film Library has come along with its new catalogue, "Documentary and Experimental Films," thirty-four slender pages of titles, information, and advice. In experimentals there is an important assembly of films of the 1920's, and in documentaries most of the outstanding productions of the Thirties and Forties are available. Among the Museum's most recent acquisitions are "La Marche des Machines" (1928), Alexeieff's "Night on Bald Mountain" (1934), "Blacktop" and "Parade" by Charles and Ray Eames (1952), and the major works of Oskar Fischinger (1929 to 1949). Rentals are made only to educational organizations and to established film societies. Free copies of the catalogue are available from Margareta Akermark, Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53 Street, New York 19, N. Y. Miss Akermark is also able to offer programming assistance to film societies.

A REQUEST: This department is always interested in knowing the whereabouts and activities of film societies, particularly so that we may refer interested readers to local sources where 16mm films may be seen. This is, therefore, a request that film societies send in whatever information about themselves they would like to have kept on file here. —C.S.



Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

ACADEMIC PROCESSION: An Informal History of the American College (1636-1953). By Ernest Earnest. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4. An informal history of the American college and university, beginning with the founding of John Harvard's College in 1636 and coming up to 1953. The author is a professor of English at Temple University.

ANIMALS IN AFRICA. By Ylla and L. S. B. Leakey. Harper & Bros. $7.50. Color photographs by Ylla and text Mr. Leakey, who is the director of Nairobi's Museum of Natural History, on the undomesticable animals of Africa.

CLIMATE AND ARCHITECTURE. By Jeffrey Ellis Aronin. Reinhold Publishing Corp. $12.50. A study of climate as an architectural delineator, with some fifty-five tables and 300 illustrations telling how sensible planning and building can beat the weather.

COLERIDGE, OPIUM, AND "KUBLA KHAN." By Elisabeth Schneider. University of Chicago Press. $5. A critical reexamination of Coleridge's poetry, with special emphasis on "Kubla Khan" and the author's addiction to opium. Miss Schneider also takes a look at recent critical attitudes toward the poet, tackles some of the myths surrounding him, and pokes into J. Livingston Lowes's famous "The Road to Xanadu."

THE COLLECTED PAPERS OF OTTO FENICHEL. First Series. Edited by Hanna Fenichel and David Rapaport. With translations by James and Alix Strachey. W. W. Norton & Co. $6.50. A collection of monographs by the late psychoanalyst written during the years 1922-1936.

CORNUCOPIA, 1919-1953. By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. Fine Editions Press. $4. A complete collection of Mr. Chubb's poetry, forty-five of which have never been brought out in book form.

CRISIS IN THE KREMLIN. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Mr. Hindus's new book is an easy-going examination of the Soviet hierarchy (there are brief portraits of Litvinov, Troyanovsky, Onmansky, Zhdanov, etc.), which he feels is in crisis as a result of many of its recent back-firing actions. He also believes the people of Russia are a not-to-be-forgotten positive factor.

THE DANCE IN INDIA. By Faubion Bowers. Columbia University Press. $4. A study of all forms of the dance as they exist in India today, by an expert on Asiatic culture.

THE DERWENT STORY. By Clarence Derwent. Abelard-Schuman. $5. The autobiography of the well-known English actor who here discusses his fifty years association with the American and English stages, the people he has known—Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Otis Skinner—and the future of legitimate theatre.

EXPLORATIONS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS: A Tribute to the Work of Theodor Reik. Edited by Robert Lindner. Julian Press. $7.50. A collection of twenty-one essays by various hands on the general field of modern psychoanalysis, brought together to celebrate the sixty-fifth birthday of Theodor Reik.

FASHION AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Edmund Bergler. Robert Brunner. $5.75. A study of women's fashions as a projection of the male unconscious, written by a practising psychoanalyst.

GREAT ENGLISH SHORT NOVELS. Edited and with an introduction by Cyril Connolly. Dial Press. $6. A collection of mostly out-of-the-way pieces—a biography, a fictional biography, horror stories, adventure stories, and long short stories—by Johnson, Maria Edgeworth, Le Fanu, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Conrad, A. Huxley, Meredith, Peacock, Hazlitt, and Virginia Woolf. A volume in the Permanent Library.

INTERLUDES. By Dorothy Quick. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A collection of lyric poems, many of which deal with nature, and the eastern end of Long Island in particular.

IT'S GOOD TO BE BLACK. By Ruby Berkley Goodwin. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A quiet, unshouting book about the author's childhood and growing-up in the small Illinois mining town of Du Quoin, where she saw a fire destroy their church, a flu epidemic, baptizings, strikes, a mine explosion, and seven brothers and sisters reach maturity with dignity.

THE LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH. Edited by Nowell C. Smith. Oxford University Press. 2 Vols. $17. A revised edition of the English clergyman's letters first published with many errors in 1855 and long since out of print.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby. The Macmillan Co. $9. A revised edition of the literary history first brought out in three volumes in 1948, and now available, for about half the price, in one volume.

LOVE IS A PLACE. By Margaret Bridgman. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50. A novel about the sweats and sweets a typical young American couple, with children, undergo in suburban San Francisco.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN SHIPS. Edited by John and Alice Durant. A. S. Barnes & Co. $10. A pictorial history of the American vessel which starts with the Viking ships that cruised around U.S. shores some years ago, and ends with glimpses of everything modern from a *Lightning* to the U.S.S. *United States*.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Nathan Ausabel. Crown Publishers. $5. A kind of history of the Jewish peoples of the world done in text and over 1,200 accompanying illustrations.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN READER. Edited by the Staff of the *Scientific American*. Simon & Schuster. $6. An anthology of scientific articles for the intelligent layman, written by eminent scientists, taken from the files of the *Scientific American* magazine.

STORIES FROM THE SOUTHERN REVIEW. Edited by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. Louisiana State University Press. $6. A collection of representative fiction first published in the *Southern Review* during that magazine's life, 1935-1942.

A STUDY OF BOLSHEVISM. By Nathan Leites. The Free Press. $6.50. A study of the behavior patterns of the Bolshevist philosophy as they emerge from political writings brought out in Russia from 1903 to the present.

TEAPOTS AND QUAILS And Other New Nonsenses. By Edward Lear. Edited and introduced by Angus Davidson and Philip Hofer. Harvard University Press. $3.50. A new collection of poems and drawings by the great nonsense man, none of which has ever been published before. They form part of a Lear collection given the Houghton Library at Harvard during the last war.

A TREASURY OF HYMNS. Edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon. Simon & Schuster. $6. A big collection of hymns, carols, anthems, gospel songs, and children's hymns, printed in good type and with illustrations by Frank Lieberman.

A TREASURY OF RAILROAD FOLKLORE. Edited by B. A. Botkin and Alvin F. Harlow. Crown Publishers. $4. A 544-page collection of the ballads, tall tales, songs, and stories which have sprung up around the American railroad man in the past 120 years.

TWINS OF GENIUS. By Guy A. Cardwell. Michigan State College Press. $2.50. A study of the relationship of the novelist and liberal George W. Cable and Mark Twain, presented through their correspondence.

U. S. CAMERA 1954. Edited by Tom Maloney. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $7.95. The nineteenth annual collection of what the editor considers the best in photography from all over the world in 1953, including work by Eliot Elisofon, Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, and W. Eugene Smith.

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA. By Robert M. Hutchins. University of Chicago Press. $2.50. Some thoughts on modern education in America by the ex-Chancellor of the University of Chicago. They were presented as the Charles R. Walgreen Lectures for 1953 at that university.

VELASQUEZ. *Edited by Jose Oertega y Gasset.* Random House. $7.50. One hundred and four reproductions of the paintings of Velasquez, with fifty-one done in monochrome, and fifty-three in full color. —W. B.

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Waltzes, Whipped Cream, and Wien

VIENNA.

THE first morning here dawned gray and cold, and winter winds unimpeded by international restrictions blew down from Czechoslovakia, biting through wool like a new spring moth. The sheer discomfort of the season, however, proved no deterrent to the Viennese, who were bent on the observance of Aller Seelen Tag, or All Soul's Day, a day to be spent remembering the dead and the past.

Everywhere one could see the Viennese scurrying through sunless streets on their way to the cemeteries carrying wreaths, potted plants, and cut flowers. The trolley tracks were bumper-to-bumper with trams, and some cars were decorated with wreaths that hung on the outside because there was no room within. Policemen in greatcoats and peaked hats, lively and authoritative, stood at every cross-section, and I followed the trolleys, the cars, the bicyclists, and the motorcyclists on the pilgrimage out to the graves.

Women in shawls and boots did a rushing business in evergreen wreaths and pots of flowers; candles were going well, too. The biggest crowds clustered, like those in football stadiums in another world 4,000 miles away, around the stands that sold steaming wursts, one foot long. The Viennese bought them and ate them, dipping them into smears of mustard held on paper, and taking alternate bites of saltsticks.

Inside the gates candles in glass containers burned at every grave, and I remembered the sight the night before when the Swissair Convair bringing me from Switzerland to the edge of the Balkan world had passed a giant field of fire. The steward had wakened me, for we were on the outskirts of Vienna and he wanted me to see the preparations for Aller Seelen Tag from 1,500 feet up.

The crowd was the biggest around the grave of Karl Renner, late President of Austria, who died on the last day of 1951. A wreath of orchids gave a certain warmth to his cold stone and there were bundles of yellow chrysanthemums and delicate birds of paradise that grow in far-off Hawaii. No crowd stood for Johann Strauss, the father, now more than a hundred years dead, but in that charmed circle of the cemetery where the world's greatest composers lie side by side there was a bustling traffic of Austrians, many of them in their national dress, which is gray pants with a green stripe up the side and gray jackets with green lapels. Beethoven was aglow with candles, and people paused before memorials to Mozart and Franz Schubert. Johann Strauss, 1825-1899, lay under a headstone dancing with lyres and cupids and covered with a great wreath sent by the city of Vienna. Next to him, Brahms was covered with small bouquets and single flowers. And, strangely, there was honor, too, for Major Franz Novotny, an Austrian major in the German Luftwaffe who was shot down by Americans and placed among the Ehrengräber, the honored graves, when the Nazis were still in control.

With the future a little uncertain it is perhaps somewhat comforting to live with one's feet tucked warmly in the past. If this city is not as lighthearted as it was back in those days when travelers were comparing it to Paris, it seems never doubtful of its supremacy as world headquarters for waltzes and whipped cream. Russian officers in their immense overcoats walk the streets, but even that sobering unpleasantness hardly seems capable of dispelling the Viennese notion that life was meant for the sampling of new wine, listening to the operetta, and the demolishment of the *Salzburgernockerl*, which is a giant puff of egg and air sprinkled with sugar.

One Sunday morning, when in old shirt and old slacks I might have been otherwise occupied in keeping junior from throwing the cat in the fireplace, I stopped by the Cafe Carlton with a Viennese friend and found myself on premises that were no less solidly male than the steam room of the New York Athletic Club. Gentlemen sat at every table sipping hot drinks and puffing looped pipes and cigarettes that burned with a foreign accent. On Sunday mornings it is the custom for the head of the house to take his ease at the coffee house while the lady is cooking the Sabbath roast, a bit of intelligence I circulate here for whatever propaganda value it may have in my own homestead back in America.

WHEN the tailcoated waiter appeared I ordered a *café complet*, a simple breakfast, which in most places on the Continent is an unpretentious affair that includes coffee, roll, butter, and jam. "How many minutes for the egg?" the waiter asked. "No egg, thank you," I answered, for after some weeks in Europe I had fallen into the local habit. "No egg?" the waiter said, rearing back in astonishment, "but it's included." "No egg," I insisted. "Very well," he answered, "then I will bring extra butter." He also brought a tremendous tray of Danish pastry (which the Danes call Vienna bread). My companion, who had already eaten breakfast, ordered an *einspänner*, coffee in a glass with a clod of whipped cream big as a baseball. Then we set off sightseeing.

The great, elephant-hued bulk of

The Heldenplatz—"one's feet tucked warmly in the past."

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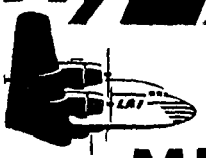

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the Hofburg, formerly the palace of the Hapsburgs, still stands, and the new palace that rises behind the statue of Prince Eugene of Savoy is now Russian headquarters. Some effort has been made to improve its appearance by the addition of a red star superimposed with the faces of Lenin and Stalin, which can be illuminated at night. Despite this evidence of the new order, the center portal of the west gate, traditionally only opened for an Austrian emperor, remains closed as it has been since 1918. Across the famous Ringstrasse is that personification of the Austrian heyday, Maria Theresa, surrounded by her ministers and marshals.

The Ringstrasse runs through Vienna like a big loop, starting at the banks of the Danube and returning to it at another point farther along the shore. As we followed the curve we came to the Schwarzenbergplatz and gazed upon Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg, Marshal of Austria in the year 1813. Behind him now stands a new monument to the Red Army, and the Russians were all for renaming the place for Stalin in place of Schwarzenberg. A compromise was ultimately effected and, in return for permitting the real estate around the Russian pile to be named Stalinplatz, Prince Carl's pedestal rests on Schwarzenbergplatz as before.

Nearby is the Imperial Hotel, which was Hitler's choice when he arrived after the Anschluss in 1938. Across the street is the famous Grand Hotel, which, like the Imperial, has been occupied by Russians since they arrived with the spring in 1945. Of the remaining good hotels in Vienna the Bristol is open to Americans, tourists included, and the renowned old Sacher is open to all travelers except Russians, who are specifically restricted from entering any public hotel, restaurant, or coffee-house. Both the Bristol and the Sacher are shiny and substantial despite the travail, and the Sacher still dispenses Sachertort, a chocolate jelly cake, from a special store on the ground floor.

In addition to Sachertort, Vienna is also back producing petit-point needlework, and should there still be ladies who appreciate the art the windows are filled with handbags designed of miniature tapestries that depict quaint eighteenth-century scenes. The other city specialty is white blouses, topped like everything else with whipped-cream frills. They cost about eight dollars.

Viennese, visitors, and soldiers from the Volga stroll together in the Stadtpark, and the statue of Johann Strauss with the blue Danube flowing around him in a swirl of marble stops their all. In spring and summer the band plays under a vine-covered shell, and the Viennese dance in the open. They go as well to the Prater to ride the giant ferris-wheel and to step when hungry into a *gulaschhütte* for a Bohemian snack. After all, goulash headquarters lie on the yonder side of the east border. Then they ride down the fabulous avenue known as the Prater, which is three miles long and covered with a canopy of chestnut trees all the way.

WINE drinking is done in earnest in the quarter called the Grinzing especially in the gardens during the good weather. One of the best addresses is Pfarrplatz #2 because it is a charming locale and also because it is one of the homes of Beethoven. The composer also lived in fifty-nine other places while in Vienna, proving that musicians were temperamental and landlords irascible at least as far back as the eighteenth century. At any rate, within the shadow of Beethoven's abode, or one of them, you can listen to a pair of musicians named Rudolph and Louis play the old Vienna tunes. A bottle of Nussberger Schwarze Katz Rhein-Riesling, which is to say Nut Mountain Black Cat Rhine-Riesling wine, costs less than a dollar the bottle, and is, I can attest, unfailingly delicate and smoky. Up at the Kahlenberg, on the edge of the Vienna woods, you can drink the wine of the grapes that grow up the hillside and on a clear day see across the border into Czechoslovakia. In downtown Vienna the Lindenkeller, which has been fetching up schnitzels since 1453, serves such variations as the *lindenschnitte,* which is a sliver of veal camouflaged in fluffy egg batter.

Appearing at any of these places with Viennese, you will find that they live on the border between the world of wine and the realm of beer, and so usually take both with their meals. I should report that the combination may prove somewhat dizzying to *auslanders,* but it does put one in the proper mood to enjoy the local operettas which Vienna is never without. Taking one of those immense black patent-leather-looking taxis that was assembled shortly after the reign of Maria Theresa, I rode over to a theatre the other night to watch a production of "Der Bettelstudent," by Millöcker. The thing has been running more or less steadily for seventy years and the only updating that was noticeable to me were some hat boxes that appeared at the opening of the second act marked "Dior." The proceedings, which are probably as well

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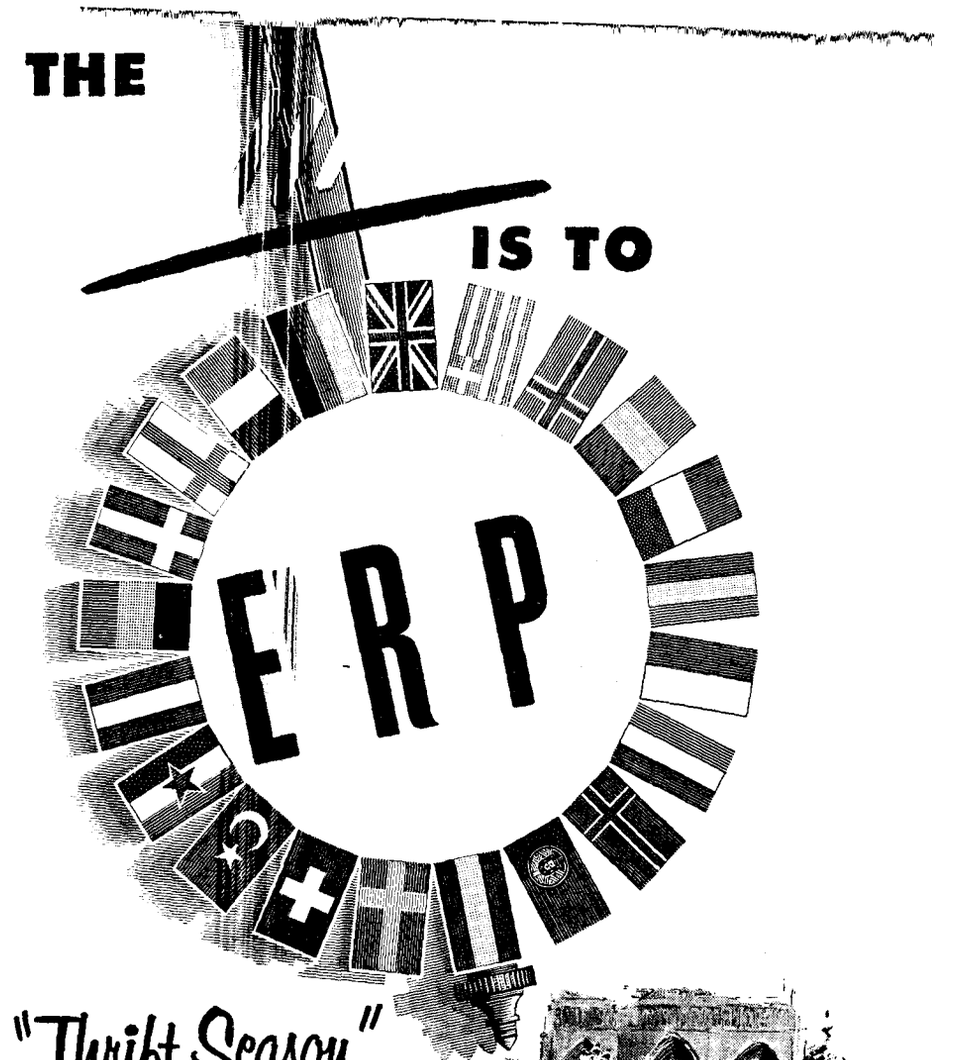
known to all Viennese as "Blossom Time" is to Lee Shubert, were thoroughly relished by the audience, which included President Theodore Körner, a man with a magnificent bald head and great white beard. As for what was happening on stage I must confess it was hopeless confusion to me, accompanied by fine voices and waltzy music. During the intermission an American Army captain who was sitting behind me was good enough to let me look at an English language synopsis of the story —which left me, in the welter of plots and sub-plots, only slightly more entangled than I was before. I am convinced, however, that after several hours of revolutions and mistaken identities the right boy got the right girl, for the audience came out smiling and humming, and hope flourished for a time again along the Danube.

—Horace Sutton.

Traveler's Tale

IBERIAN INDEX: It takes nearly 400 pages for Sydney Clark to tell all the news he has collected on Iberia in **"All the Best In Portugal and Spain"** (Dodd, Mead, $4.50), but I am not convinced *all* of the best is included. In an effort to cover everything, span two countries, and include their extremities—Madeira, Majorca, Tangier, the Canaries, Spanish Morocco, and Andorra—some information has been lost. Upon occasion a mere listing of hotels by category must suffice when a short description of a few might give the traveler a better idea of what will suit his personal preference. One is given a handy list of restaurants in Madrid, but there is no indication of price, and in the case of the Jockey Club, as an example, it might have been good to know that it is downright expensive. In Seville no restaurants and no night life are mentioned at all. In Granada I could find not a word about the famous gypsies who live in the caves and dance for tourists.

On the other hand, there are occasional lapses into the author's own asides about life in general that add to the overall folksiness of his style. A veteran travel-book writer, Clark in Iberia is strongest on sightseeing and monuments, long on personal incident, shortest on concrete know-how. Having carried the book while in Spain and Portugal I thank Mr. Clark for a wonderful morning on the colorful fishing docks of Lisbon, for an evening of the fado, for a visit to Chopin's and Sand's Valldemosa, and many another interlude which without him I might have missed altogether. —H. A. S.



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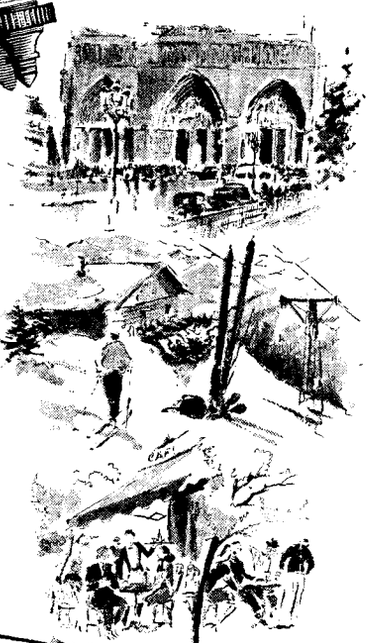

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The U.S. and the World

Continued from page 19

sense of economic security still strong in large segments of French society which has thus far kept French leadership from any solution of the country's chronic fiscal problems, grew out of a social system based on the small producer and peasant proprietor, a system of local self-sufficiency which is today seriously diluted and challenged by the growth of heavy industry in the North and Northeast.

Insofar as Dorothy Pickles attempts to dredge up such submerged components of political confusion under the Fourth Republic her **"French Politics: The First Four Years of the Fourth Republic"** (Royal Institute of International Affairs, $5) is a guide of some value to the general reader. However, this type of analysis is confined to the last two chapters of a work which is, by and large, a detailed and reasonably well presented account of party movements and constitutional evolution since the liberation. The focus of the story is Paris, indeed, the Chamber of Deputies, and French reaction and comment, although liberally sampled, is taken almost exclusively from politicians and political writers of the Paris press. Again, while the 1951 election is discussed at length, no attempt is made at a geographical breakdown of the vote.

Miss Pickles's discussions of the Monnet Plan, the French Union, and the nationalization program will probably evoke more general interest, and her British perspective on French difficulties and confusions in colonial policy and state control of industry will double the value of these pages for the American reader. Nevertheless, her scope is so narrowly political—avowedly so, it is to be admitted—that all but the close student of French affairs will regret the thinness of the historical and economic backgrounds. But while such a book may justly presuppose a necessary minimum of economic and historical information on the part of the reader, the lack of any attempt at political portraiture or analysis of figures like De Gaulle, Thorez, Mollet, Schumann, and the complete silence on the Pinay Government are in a work on French politics written in 1952 less justifiable omissions. —E. S. CHILL.

BRITISH DIPLOMACY: Sir Arthur Willert's new book, **"The Road to Safety,"** his fourth upon various aspects of his country's foreign policy, is now available in an American edition (Praeger, $3.50).

People who like to look behind the scenes in order to understand how international relations are really carried on will be interested and entertained by this well-written memoir. For in it Sir Arthur, skilled journalist and skilled diplomatist, reveals to us the workings of the British diplomatic mission in Washington during the hard years of the First World War. Sir Cecil Spring Rice, Lord Balfour, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Reading, President Wilson, Col. E. M. House, and other personalities pass vividly before us, with their clashes of temperament, their small astutenesses, their suspicions, their problems, their intense patriotism.

But especially it is an account of the remarkable services rendered by a young British Intelligence officer, Sir William Wiseman. Where great ambassadors failed, his fine tact, ingenuity, and understanding succeeded. This story of Wiseman is a diplomatic romance.

Sir Arthur Willert believes that "in the war upon freedom started by Germany in 1914, renewed in 1939, and now carried on by Russia" the only salvation for both Britain and the United States lies in a continual close coordination of policies and force such as was achieved under enemy pressure in both World Wars. I wish I could feel as sure as he does that it is as simple as that.

—PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

NATION IN BETWEEN: Stephen D. Kertesz, a former official of the Hungarian Foreign Ministry, has written a short, well-documented study of Hungary's struggle for political survival from 1938 to 1946. **"Diplomacy in a Whirlpool"** (University of Notre Dame Press, $4.75) is a hapless tale of a country caught between two aggressive empires, defeated both in its half-hearted alliance with Hitler and its resistance to the Soviets. Some Hungarian leaders accepted Hitler's New Order, while others tried to limit the partnership to conquest without crime. After the Axis defeat the Soviets, in accordance with the Yalta Agreement, permitted free elections which resulted in the most impressive repudiation of Communism in Eastern Europe. Since then the Communist minority has destroyed the opposition.

Hungary was undoubtedly caught in a whirlpool, but its final disappearance cannot be blamed entirely on external factors, as Mr. Kertesz seems to imply. The Peace Treaty of 1919, the intransigeance of the Czechs, and the policy of the Munich appeasers may have weakened Hungary, but they were not responsible for the internal failure to create a democratic society or reform the economic system. Hungary, it should be remembered, had a pro-Nazi premier even before Hitler's accession to power, and to consider the country a mere victim of circumstance is a dangerous delusion for Hungarians and historians alike. —FRITZ STERN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 548

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 548 will be found in the next issue.

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—EHUE ZDUWSI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 547

Those who fear influences and avoid them make a tacit avowal of the poverty of their souls.
—André Gide.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Strange Children," by Caroline Gordon. 2. "Silky: An Incredible Tale," by Elizabeth Coatsworth. 3. "The Balance Wheel," by Taylor Caldwell. 4. "This Was Tomorrow," by Elswyth Thane. 5. "The Eagle and the Rock," by Frances Winwar. 6. "I and My True Love," by Helen MacInnes. 7. "The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West. 8. "Confessors of the Name," by Gladys Schmitt. 9. "Brave Interval," by Elizabeth Yates. 10. "Nuts in May," Cornelia Otis Skinner. 11. "A Short Walk from the Station," Phyllis McGinley. 12. "The Folks at Home," by Margaret Halsey. 13. "Life Among the Savages," by Shirley Jackson. 14. "Lament for four Virgins," by Lael Tucker. 15. "The Wild Honey," by Victoria Lincoln. 16. "Children are Bored on Sunday," by Jean Stafford. 17. "Time's Corner," by Nancy Wilson Ross. 18. "Prince of Players," by Eleanor Ruggles. 19. "The Sign of Jonah," by Nancy Hale. 20. "The Sojourner," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. 21. "The Fragile Years," by Rose Franken. 22. "The Smoking Mountain," by Kay Boyle.

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OLD-NEW BOOKS FOR AN OLD-NEW FEAST

ONE OF the more solid satisfactions in this sad world is the experience of giving to a child whom you love a book that you loved as a child. This is a good year to seek that experience. There are so many fine new editions of old favorites. There is "The Wind in the Willows" with the six new Shephard illustrations and the lovely cover-jacket by Valenti Angelo. There is the inimitable "Reluctant Dragon." There are the eight sturdy, beautifully-designed volumes with the Garth Williams illustrations that is the new edition of Laura Wilder's fine stories of American pioneer life. What a magnificent gesture—to present some happy family with all eight of these books!

And now there is "The Magic Fishbone," which is the kind of book that cries aloud to be shared. Buy it, tuck it under your arm, and go directly to the child, or the children, who are in your thoughts at Christmas time. Read it out loud, skipping not one word. Go slowly because of the illustrations. Let nothing short of an earthquake interrupt you. From the scene in the fish shop and the extraordinary dialogue between the Fairy Grand Marina and King Watkins the First to the last scene at Alicia's wedding feast every page will bring laughter and the joy of a good thing shared.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE MAGIC FISHBONE. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Vanguard Press. 36 *pp.* $2.50.

In a year when new editions of old favorites are outstanding, we have "The Magic Fishbone" illustrated as Charles Dickens would have loved to have it illustrated. Into his drawings Louis Slobodkin has brought the curious mixture of fantasy and mid-Victorian realism that characterizes King Watkins the First and his family. The fish shop, the sitting room in the royal household, and the seventeen royal children are completely English and completely real. The Good Fairy Grand Marina, looking like a sedate nineteenth-century grandmother, arriving in her coach lined with pink satin—or is it velvet—drawn by four magnificent blue peacocks, is the very essence of fairyland. She dresses Alicia "like a little bride, with a wreath of orange flowers and a silver veil." She then introduces the Prince in a businesslike manner and presides over the wedding and the wedding feast that follows. One could spend hours over the full-page drawing in color of that wedding feast—Alicia and her Prince, King Watkins the First, and the Queen and the Grand Marina beaming at the head of the table, and the seventeen royal children filling in the other end and the sides.

We, personally, have told the story dozens of times. We know its humor and its realism never fail. Woe to anyone who in telling it leaves out a word of that enchanting dialogue:

"Alicia," said the king, one evening, when she wished him good night.

"Yes, papa."

"What has become of the magic fishbone?"

"In my pocket, papa!"

"I thought you had lost it!"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

It will be a lucky family that finds this particular book under the Christmas Tree.

THE CHRISTMAS BUNNY. By Will and Nicholas. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. No paging. $2.50.

The title page of this new book by the authors of "The Two Reds" and "Even Stephen" is dramatic enough almost to compel the children to go on to the end. Nicholas has drawn some enchanting animals to illustrate this story of Davy, who in a dream followed a red fox into the forest on Christmas Eve and saw Santa Claus come to give the animals their Christmas presents. Perhaps the most effective of these stunning drawings of the woods in winter—with the tiny figures of Davy and the fox dwarfed by the great dark fir trees and the animals playing hide-and-seek and running races—are the ones in black-and-white, but the children will love the color when Santa Claus climbs on a ladder and crowns the bear with a

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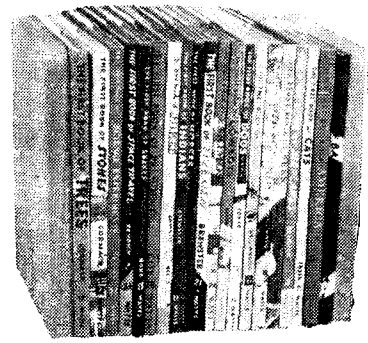

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4. The FIRST BOOK of SNAKES
5. The FIRST BOOK of PRESIDENTS
6. The FIRST BOOK of BIRDS
7. The FIRST BOOK of NEGROES
8. The FIRST BOOK of AMERICA
9. The FIRST BOOK of SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS
10. The FIRST BOOK of BUGS

Surprised?

None of the 286 entries was close. Dr. R. E. Funke of Long Beach was closest. He gets a set of FIRST BOOKS complete with book ends, and our congratulations!

So does Mrs. Sam Norin for her classroom in the Burton Elementary School in Burton, Washington, for her class's entries. They were thoughtful and accurate, and we would like to adopt the nine-year-old girl who, when asked by Mrs. Norin what subject she wanted to know more about, replied "Boys."

* * *

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Franklin Watts
Helen Hoke Watts

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—By Barbara Cooney, for "American Folksongs for Christmas."

laurel wreath as winner of the race. It is hard to select the most effective of the animals but we like best the rabbits; especially the little brown rabbit that decides to go home with Davy and is waiting for him the next morning under the Christmas tree. There is something about this book that will make it even more appealing to little children than the others. It has simplicity and a certain tenderness in describing Davy's feelings when he goes to bed on Christmas Eve, has his dream, and wakes up on Christmas morning. It is an ideal gift to put under the Christmas tree.

NOEL FOR JEANNE-MAIRE. Told and pictured by Françoise. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. No Paging. $2.25.

The last time we met Jeanne-Maire she was counting her sheep. Now she is getting ready to celebrate Christmas in the little village where she lives in the south of France. She will put her own wooden shoes by the hearth on Christmas Eve and Father Noel will come and fill them. But Patapon, her favorite sheep, cannot take off her four little black shoes. Where will Father Noel put her gifts? Jeanne-Maire thinks it over. Then she goes to the shoemaker and he makes for Patapon two little black wooden shoes. On Christmas Eve they stand by Jeanne-Maire's shoes before the fire, and Father Noel fills them.

The pictures in soft, rich color show Jeanne-Maire and Patapon and Father Noel with his baskets of gifts. The loveliest one of all is a double-page spread that pictures the santons, or the figures from the scene at Bethlehem. It is one of the most beautiful that Françoise has made. This is a Christmas picture-book for all the boys and girls who know the white goat, Biquette, and the Gay Mother Goose.

IN CLEAN HAY. By Eric P. Kelly. Illustrated by Maud & Miska Petersham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 32 *pp.* $1.25.

This book—half story, half legend—set in Krakow in Poland on Christmas Eve, is distinguished more for its illustrations than for its text. The Petershams have made some exquisite drawings, full of atmosphere and lovely in design. The story tells of the four children who each year take their little puppet theatre and play the story of the Nativity in the streets at Christmas time. One of the boys plays the violin, and Anusia, the little girl, sings the Christmas carols. This year a famous puppeteer fails to come at the appointed hour to an eager audience in the town theatre. It is the children who on their tiny stage present the story of the Nativity instead.

We could almost wish that Eric Kelly had ended his story here with the happy children going home, their pockets filled with gold and silver, but he goes on to tell how as they passed a neighboring stable a man called to them. He had something to show them. There in the clean hay, watched over by the cow and the sheep lay another new-born babe. It was the puppeteer's wife who had given birth to her child in that warm, quiet place. Almost instinctively the children emptied their pockets and laid the gold and silver at her feet. The Petershams' drawing of that scene is very lovely.

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS. By Ruth Crawford Seeger. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. 80 *pp.* $3.

This is a most unusual collection of songs. They are the old, old folk songs that express in their own way the very spirit of Christmas. Mrs. Seeger has divided the book into three parts —the first part Stars and Shepherds,

—By W. T. Mars, for "The Christmas Donkey."

the second, Mary and the Baby, and the third, Praise and Festivity. Some of the songs are fairly well known. Some of them, we venture to predict, have never seen the printed page before. There is an unusually interesting version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" which ends with "Twelve Bulls A-roaring," a version quite new to this reviewer. On the page opposite the words and music Barbara Cooney has drawn the pear tree with the first five of the gifts in its branches. There is an unusual version, too, of the "Babe of Bethlehem." The "Cradle Hymn" is from Kentucky, and the words are familiar to us. Barbara Cooney's pictures add greatly to the value of a beautiful and unusual book.

STAR OF WONDER. By Robert R. Coles and Frances Frost. Pictures By Paul Galdone. New York: Whittlesey House. 48 *pp.* $2.25.

This is the story of a Christmas program at the Hayden Planetarium. All those who have seen it will remember the scientific explanation of the Star of Bethlehem. Here, David and Jean sit through the explanation, but the beauty and wonder of the story of the Christmas Star dominate. Paul Galdone has made some most effective black-and-white drawings to illustrate the book.

THE CHRISTMAS DONKEY. By Alta Halverson Seymour. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. New York: Wilcox & Follett Co. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a story of Christmas in Southern France. Michel wanted very much to earn enough money to buy a donkey as a Christmas present for his grandmother, but the price of a good donkey was far beyond anything he could earn. He worked on Saturdays and in the afternoons after school helping Hector in his little cafe and Papa Alphonse on his farm. The story tells how one of Papa Alphonse's lady donkeys had a baby. Michel helped to care for it. He called him Jou Jou and thought him the finest donkey in the world. And so it happened on Christmas Eve that it was Jou Jou who came to the little house as a Christmas present to Grand'maman. All through the story runs the making of the Christmas Santons. Michel and Grand'maman went to the Santon fair which was held every year just before Christmas. Then there is the description, too, of the good things that Grand'maman prepared for the Christmas feast. It is a story with a great deal of atmosphere. Children will like it because of Michel and the baby donkey. Through it they will become familiar

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with the celebration of Christmas in a little village in France.

CIRCUS APRIL 1ST. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 pp. $2.25.

Louis Slobodkin has made some amusing picture-books for the children and written some exciting stories; but this is the funniest and the most exciting book that he has written or illustrated. It is the story of what happened when the circus came to Tannersville on April Fool's Day. With the circus were three young elephants whose names were Jo, Um, and Bo. If you were very clever you could guess the derivation of those three names. Now it was a very foggy day when the circus people and the animals left the railroad cars and made their way through the town to the meadow where the tents were pitched. And Bo, the youngest of the elephants, got lost. The account of Bo's adventures on that April Fool's Day in Tannersville gets funnier and funnier. Bo becomes a fascinating and endearing hero—a hero that every boy and girl in Tannersville learns to love. At the end Bo, accompanied by every boy and girl in the village, walks into the tent just in time for the glorious final act when Jo, Um, and Bo astonish everyone by their cleverness. As one can see by the title-page the drawings are even more effective than the story.

THE SILVER CHAIR. By C. S. Lewis. Illustrations by Pauline Baynes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 208 pp. $2.75.

This is the fourth of the stories of Narnia and of its guiding spirit, Aslan the lion. In the last one Eustace Scrubb went on the voyage of the Dawn Trader. In this one Aslan brings Eustace to Narnia with a little girl from his school whose name was Jill. Directed by Aslan the two of them help to find the lost prince who one day was to be the king of Narnia. It was a long, hard quest, but in the end the prince was found and restored to King Caspian, and the two children go back to the real world. In this story, as in the others, the lion Aslan is the dominant character. In its action it is perhaps the most interesting and the most varied of them all. It is illustrated with a series of delicate black-and-white drawings.

As I Like Them

Continued from page 10

angelo wrought to order. So did Shakespeare. "Aida" was a darn good short-order job done under pressure to meet a date line.

Every reader has a favorite story. Mine is Anatole France's "The Procurator of Judea." No doubt this choice dates me as definitely before the present period of murder, rough stuff, pseudo-science, and Freud. It has everything in the briefest compass—atmosphere, plot, what the experts call movement from within, the build-up, mounting tension, the apprehension of enormous significance underlying the superficially casual and commonplace, and finally the unexpected surprise ending. There is even a profound moral. This is not one of the standard plots into which fiction is supposed to fall. It tells in a few pages more about the greatest drama of all time than General Wallace packed into hundreds of thousands of words in "Ben Hur" and recent screenwriters spread thin over two hours of overacting.

Most readers will recall Anatole France's story of the aging, dissolute Roman Lamia, who on his way to the famous baths at Baiae falls in with his old friend Pontius Pilate. Pilate, as Governor of Judaea, was his host at Jerusalem in the difficult days of the Emperor Tiberius. They talk of old times, of the conflict between the stubbornness of the Jews and the arrogance of the Roman proconsuls. Finally Lamia refers to a Jewess, a dancer who excited his fancy. This is how the story of the birth of Christianity ends:

> "Some months after I lost sight of her, I learned by chance that she had attached herself to a small company of men who were followers of a young Galilean thaumaturgist. His name was Jesus; he came from Nazareth, and he was crucified for some crime, I don't know what. Pontius, do you remember anything about the man?"
>
> Pontius Pilate contracted his brows, and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the deeps of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—
>
> "Jesus," he murmured, "Jesus—of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind."

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Art

Continued from page 21

ing wool and camel's hair from t Gobi and—from the China end matches and candles and cott cloth?

Only ten years ago the Chine were happily roused to the impor ance of this group of half a hundr grottoes and their thousands square yards of ancient and med eval wall-paintings in the grai manner.

Some twenty-three of these cav can be definitely attributed by cor temporary inscriptions to the four century A.D. and a few others ai undoubtedly as early by stylist evidence. But of course the mo glorious of all are those painted un der the T'angs (A.D. 618-907), whe the painting of China burgeone along with its literature and music an scholarship and architecture. Ther may be a dozen authentic Chines T'ang paintings in America but proba bly not one from as early as Wei (A.I 386-534). Several scores of example of rolled paintings of T'ang dat were brought to London and Pari from these very caves of Tun Huan when Sir Aurel Stein discovered th walled-in library in one of th smaller grottoes that had bee bricked up by the monks in time o stress. While these are of the very greatest interest, few are comparabl in drawing and composition wit those that remain on the walls, anc seem to have been rendered by pro fessional wall-painters rather than by holy men practising their priestcraf to make scrolls on cotton cloth.

Mrs. Vincent's vivid story is simply told. It makes an important contribution to Sir Aurel Stein's absorbing description of his rescue of twenty-sever camel-loads of written and pictured scrolls found later to contain a unique treasure in half a dozen Central Asian tongues besides Chinese and Sanskrit with the eighth-century vital statistics of the oasis and a number of sacred texts that add to our knowledge of Buddhism and of its languages.

Mrs. Vincent writes with gusto that is most appealing and gives us, from the few scholarly publications, much that the layman requires to know.

Her illustrations are clearer than Pelliot's great albums and she has managed to secure some in color which will provide an important addition to our conception of early Chinese painting and our knowledge of the history of Oriental art.

There is a characteristically significant preface by Pearl Buck, an adequate map, and an index.

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ling Business

Chinese Art," by Judith and rthur Hart Burling *(Studio-Crowl. 384 pp. $5.50), undertakes to tell ie story of painting, porcelain, sculpure, jewelry, and other forms of colctible art in one volume. Jane Gaston lahler, who reviews it below, is an ssistant professor at Columbia, spealizing in the field of Oriental art.*

By Jane Gaston Mahler

JUDITH and Arthur Hart Burling, authors of "Chinese Art," are so namored of their subject that on oting the vast scope of their book painting, porcelain, sculpture, jade, ewelry, embroidery, bronzes, lacquer, urniture, architecture, cloissonné, vory, symbolism, and folklore) one vonders how they could bear to omit he theatre, music, literature, and the lance. It becomes plain, on reading he initial chapters, that they are inerested most of all in the things proluced by Chinese artists that exist in angible form, that can be collected. The book might well be entitled "The Lure of Chinese Art," for they dwell on aspects of the art that are tempting, enticing, and marvelous.

The Burlings' book is full of anecdotes about collectors and collecting, about their own experiences as collectors, and even a few hints about spurious works and the arts of forgery. Not enough to guide one with assurance if one wishes to spend large sums on great works of art, but a warning or two sufficient to make one feel confident that he is getting soapstone instead of jade. The authors are quite right in urging the potential connoisseur to study and "compare, compare, compare" before making a purchase.

Written in a chatty, informative style, this is an eminently readable volume. For those fond of dipping into magazine articles it should prove to be especially delightful, for it is a better book to dip into than to read from cover to cover. One reason for this is that Chinese history is covered again and again as each one of the arts is traced from prehistoric times through succeeding centuries.

There are anecdotes and aphorisms, touches of wit and wisdom drawn from standard translations and from conversations with their friends. If the more serious student would like to find the source of some remark he is out of luck, for most of the direct quotations are woven gracefully into the text without reference to the place of origin.

The romantic approach, while engaging, leads the Burlings to make statements that are not always borne out by fact. For instance, when they discuss Han dynasty sculptured reliefs of Shantung Province they tell us that they were part of the tomb chamber, and "no live men could enter the tomb after it had been sealed"—whereas it has been well established that the sculpture ornamented walls of offering shrines used by descendants of the deceased.

Though there are numerous illustrations at the end of each chapter, there cannot be enough to help the reader visualize the hundreds of art objects touched upon in the text, and it could be said that they are not truly representative of Chinese art as a whole. Most of the photographs are of pieces in the Western hemisphere and Honolulu.

The names of painters are given, as well as a few remarks about their favorite subjects, but their actual works and qualities of style remain as elusive as mist on the marshes. Since there are no textual references to the photographs, one can only leaf through the pictures, hopefully looking at each name and title, or turn to a list at the end of the book where all objects are arranged chronologically, some by title, others by artist's name, and the rest by some descriptive category.

CERAMICS and jade are handled more adequately by the Burlings than sculpture, reflecting Chinese taste and attitudes toward these arts. Architecture is lightly touched upon, the little essay on this field enlivened by the authors' affection for the buildings they have seen in China. Ritual bronzes are discussed in general categories, with some emphasis on the inscription that give them "human interest" values. This is the attitude, too, of the authors in their sections on lacquer, textiles, etc. A little is told about techniques and craftsmen, more about subjects and symbols which the craftsmen used.

In all of the chapters the authors give their information in a nutshell, and the reader may well approach the matter as a squirrel would a nut, knowing that there is something appetizing if not memorable inside. Tales based on folklore, legends of great men and small, hints of mysticism and magic, examples of practical common sense, of the cunning of the artificer and the discipline of the apprentice—all are brought together to give a piquant flavor to the book. The reader will have a pleasant time sharing the experiences of the authors, and cannot but be impressed by their warm devotion to their subject.

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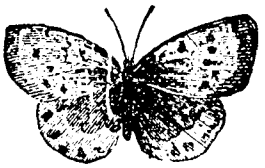

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—MARY GOULD DAVIS, *Saturday Review.* $2.50

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VANGUARD

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A Little Door Carving

"Folk Art of Europe," by Helmuth T. Bossert *(translated by Sybil Moholy-Nagy. Frederick A. Praeger. 96 pp. $17.50), and* ***"The Folk Arts of Norway," by Janice S. Stewart*** *(University of Wisconsin Press. 246 pp. $10), are abundantly illustrated works with many color plates. Our reviewer, Iona Plath, is the author of "The Decorative Arts of Sweden" and other volumes.*

By Iona Plath

ART historians, designers, and craftsmen will be interested in two recent books on folk art: "Folk Art of Europe," translated from the German of Helmuth T. Bossert, and "The Folk Arts of Norway," by Janice S. Stewart.

The first volume offers seventy-two plates in full color and sixteen halftone plates. The quality of the color plates cannot be overemphasized. No detail of even the finest gold stitchery is lost. Each plate is a thing of beauty in itself. Over 1,500 examples of the folk art of twenty countries are included in this collection.

Professor Bossert is the author of twelve major works in the field of folk art, history of crafts, and archeology of the Near East, and is now teaching at the University of Istanbul and is also director of the Turkish National Archeological Institute. In an informative introduction he defines the nature of folk art as an expression of the lives of peasants, herders, and fishermen before the Industrial Revolution. Professor Bossert lists functionality, quality of production, and eye appeal as the major achievements of folk art.

Forty magnificent pages of color plates are devoted to "Part I: Fabrics, Rugs, and Embroidery." Although there are as many as twenty-one examples on a page, detail can clearly be studied in silk embroideries of France, tapestries of Norway, wool embroideries of Spain, bobbin lace, gold and silver stitchery of Turkey, Swedish wall paintings, and sections of rugs from the Balkan States, to mention only a few. There are examples of German chenille technique, French straw weave, knitting, applique, double weave, and many more. The motifs range from birds, fish, trees, animals, florals, symbolic figures, boats, hearts, emblems, castles, and geometrics. All of these are fine examples.

The astonishing uniformity among objects of widely different regions will be observed in "Part II: Ceramics, Wood, Metal, and Other Materials." Painted doors of Switzerland, earthenware of Czechoslovakia, Scandinavian wood carvings, Dutch wall tiles, and glass painting of Poland are included in the more than 750 examples of this section.

The captions for this wealth of material are brief to the point of being inadequate and contain numerous inaccuracies. The importance of Professor Bossert's book lies in the superb plates and the possibility that many of the pieces shown are no longer in existence as a consequence of war.

Mrs. Stewart's "The Folk Arts of Norway" deals with the peculiar cultural history of that country in its opening chapter, "Of Vikings and Farmers." Exterior and interior features of early dwellings are taken up in the chapter "In the Peasant Home." Following chapters cover carving, rosemaling, metalwork, weaving, embroidery, and costumes. It is illustrated with 152 photographs and five color plates, the latter printed in Norway. Delightful in themselves, they show fine page-size examples of unique Norwegian painting on door panels, chests, and lidded boxes.

A comprehensive survey of the folk art of any country includes ceramics and glass. "The Folk Arts of Norway" omits both.

Somewhat startling is the reason Mrs. Stewart offers for "dangles" on drinking horns: "Perhaps to ward off intoxicating spirits"! This gives a completely wrong conception of these symbolic ornaments and a seriously wrong one of the Norwegian people themselves. The author's opinion of the worthlessness of these ornaments "when overdone" is of no value in a work of this kind. Such ill-founded opinions mar the otherwise excellent material, both factual and pictorial, supplied by Norway's museums and other sources. Nevertheless, this is a book worthy of study and will be of particular interest to persons of Norwegian descent.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1029)

ROBERT HERRICK:
THE WASSAIL

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket by our entering in.

May both with manchet stand replete! . . .

Yet, ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silvery spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was served out.

For the Millions

Continued from page 9

the enjoyment he receives from the reading.

I would not wish to imply that there is only one standard of reading enjoyment. What pleases one may bore another. But the point I would make is that in most discussions of the merits of a short story this vital point of entertainment value is ignored.

Most short stories that have stood the test of time, the stories that today are accepted as masterpieces, have at the base a great deal of surface interest. Regardless of the many cascading levels of meaning, the story can be read entertainingly on a superficial level. All are not reducible to the formula of boy meets girl, pursues girl, marries girl, but they have movement on the surface, an interest created by the skill of the author in making the reader want to discover what is going to happen. Certainly Poe and De Maupassant had a sound basis of surface interest. The Russian writers Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Bunin made great use of having something actively happen to the characters. Even the symbolic stories of Hawthorne carry a high quotient of surface activity.

Surface plot is the action both by and upon the character which creates a certain suspense for the reader, the abatement of which can be accomplished only by finishing the story. Although it is usually not the real story, it is the vehicle which carries the meaning. It is this surface plot that first catches and holds a great number of readers. It is the primary assumption in Poe's classical definition of a short story, "A skilful literary artist *has construed a tale . . .*"

Faced with the entertainment value of the short story, many contemporary critics fail in their obligation to the recipient of all literary art: the ordinary reader. Without an audience the *raison d'être* for literature dissolves. No matter how much truth a story may contain, if it is not presented so that a reasonably large audience can understand it then it cannot be a good story.

IT WOULD be folly to attempt a defense of the formula story *per se,* yet many critics and editors of short-story anthologies have been so concerned with disparaging the formula story that they have in effect created another formula—the literary formula of the unresolved impasse. This is a psychological era, and the problem is man against himself. As soon as an author attempts to resolve the impasse he has created some critic is lurking

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round the corner to yell "Formula." . totally unresolved problem *may* be ıore truthful, but it lacks appeal to ıe lay reader. By nature Americans re romantic, but there is a certain asic desire for completion and the olution of problems. Stories that chieve the highest level of success ave *both* a competent level of meanıg and a competent level of surface ction. The author has something to ay, and he says it with interest and uspense.

The good short story belongs to a arger audience than the university rofessors, the critics, and the literary uarterlies. Perhaps it is time that he purpose of short-story evaluation ıe redefined to include the general eader. "Slick" magazines today have hown an eagerness to publish authors who have something to say and are ıble to say it in a way that will be nteresting to a great mass of readers. The phenomenal and continual rise n the general education level of the American public, particularly in the ast decade, now makes possible a nass audience for serious short stories. But the pleading notes from editors appearing in the various writing magazines indicate a dearth of such stories. And this dearth exists at a time when there are thousands of college courses, journalism schools, writers' conferences, trade schools, and correspondence courses.

In view of all this, it is astounding that editors are not swamped with publishable fiction. There probably are many answers to this paradox. One might be in the writing schools themselves, which are divided by intent into two categories. One group, exemplified by many of the college "fiction workshops," deals with the short story purely as an experience in truth and meaning, with little regard for surface action; the group exemplified by the correspondence writing schools places all emphasis on plot and suspense. With the intent of writing thus polarized it should not be surprising how infrequently aspiring young writers manage to create a story that really fulfils both requirements of a good story—to be interesting and to say something.

Perhaps a higher mark of esteem is justified for those literary artists, past and present, who have been able to accommodate themselves to the vehicle at hand in order to reach the large public audience. That vehicle for the short-story writer today is the popular magazine. We could find in that vehicle a great abundance of good short fiction if the gifted writer could view the popular magazine as a challenge to his skill rather than as something filled with creeping, crawling things.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1030

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One of the things under which "every man" sat, in Micah and Maccabees of the Apocrypha (2 wds.).	161 19 39 46 69 50 16
B. Keats' poem about a bride who reverted to her original form of a serpent (1820).	121 30 123 43 73
C. Heart-shaped.	71 150 102 165 163 75 81 105 138
D. English cartoonist and painter, on staff of "Punch" for forty years (comp.).	72 120 155 99 74 106 53 95 42
E. Japanese bonze of 10th century, famous as painter and sculptor.	8 34 127 178 136
F. People who inflict revenge relentlessly.	13 148 70 92 184 154 7
G. American motion-picture actor, esp. famous for ability to distort his face and body by make-up, etc. (1883-1930).	180 11 101 56 96 62
H. Trail-blazer for Florence Chadwick, as it were (1907——).	189 131 98 66 122 107
I. How one says "Giddap" to a dog-team.	15 129 97 2
J. Pertaining to the wood of a certain tree.	118 188 103 191 20
K. Having a scolding disposition.	177 22 173 87 63 6 76 40
L. Affect with a sharp, sudden pain.	146 134 176 89 168 60
M. Permeated.	167 186 132 38 67 137
N. It "Must Fall" in Emlyn Williams' play, 1936.	54 31 84 45 1
O. Surname, son-in-law of the Curies.	157 85 152 140 37 14
P. Slender fir pole, 20 to 40 feet long, used in England for scaffoldings.	158 94 169 58 108
Q. Beak of the broadbill.	51 47 25 139 90
R. Number of states admitted to the Union before Vermont.	145 36 55 32 21 65 83 9
S. Sudden inundation.	171 4 117 179 147 124 185
T. Said of a composition marked by elaborate rhetoric.	78 29 141 187 35 113
U. Hastened again.	82 23 126 91 28 80
V. Fourteenth century, esp. in Italy at time of Dante, Giotto, etc.	160 61 156 10 48 125 111 172
W. A person regarded as a biological specimen.	162 182 142 33 17 153 110 119
X. However.	86 133 190 5 116 170 64 151 130 100 24 159
Y. American Confederate officer who covered the retreat from Gettysburg.	183 26 143 128 115 3 166
Z. Special dish for holding sauces, etc. (2 wds.).	57 49 68 59 149 27 93 12 174
Z^1. Mrs. Shakespeare's maiden name.	175 109 18 52 41 77 88 114
Z^2. Another word for a "figured" bass in music writing.	164 112 104 79 135 144 44 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 N	2 I	3 Y	4 S	5 X		6 K	7 F		8 E	9 R	10 V	11 G	12 Z	13 F
14 O	15 I	16 A	17 W	18 Z^1		19 A	20 J		21 R	22 K	23 U		24 X	25 Q	26 Y	27 Z
28 U	29 T		30 B	31 N	32 R		33 W	34 E		35 T	36 R	37 O	38 M	39 A	40 K	
41 Z^1		42 D	43 B	44 Z^2	45 N	46 A		47 Q	48 V	49 Z	50 A		51 Q	52 Z^1	53 D	54 N
55 R	56 G	57 Z		58 P	59 Z	60 L	61 V	62 G	63 K	64 X	65 R	66 H	67 M		68 Z	69 A
70 F	71 C	72 D		73 B	74 D	75 C		76 K	77 Z^1	78 T	79 Z^2	80 U		81 C	82 U	83 R
	84 N	85 O	86 X	87 K		88 Z^1	89 L	90 Q		91 U	92 F	93 Z	94 P	95 D	96 G	
97 I	98 H	99 D		100 X	101 G	102 C	103 J		104 Z^2	105 C	106 D	107 H	108 P		109 Z^1	110 W
	111 V	112 Z^2	113 T	114 Z^1		115 Y	116 X	117 S	118 J	119 W		120 D	121 B	122 H		123 B
124 S	125 V		126 U	127 E	128 Y	129 I	130 X	131 H		132 M	133 X		134 L	135 Z^2	136 E	137 M
138 C	139 ?	140 O	141 T	142 W		143 Y	144 Z^2	145 R		146 L	147 S	148 F	149 Z		150 C	151 X
152 O	153 W	154 F	155 D	156 V		157 O	158 P	159 X	160 V		161 A	162 W	163 C		164 Z^2	165 C
166 Y	167 M	168 L	169 P	170 X		171 S	172 V	173 K		174 Z	175 Z^1	176 L	177 K		178 E	179 S
	180 G	181 Z^2	182 W	183 Y	184 F	185 S	186 M	187 T	188 J		189 H	190 X	191 J			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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popular	*importante*	*atractivo*
radio	*presidente*	*central*
actor	*capital*	*restaurante*
conductor	*Atlántico*	*optimista*
animal	*dentista*	

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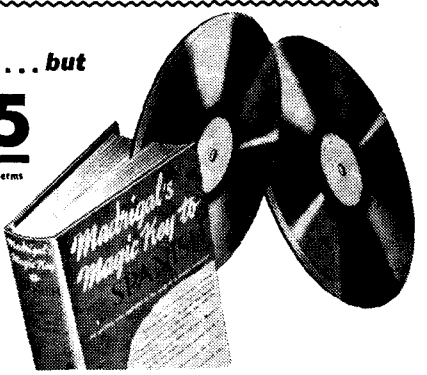

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